

BEWARE!

FREE COMICS GROUPTM

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AUTHORITY

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THE MONSTERS ARE COMING!

BEWARE!



**VENI
VIDI
SCANI**

the incredible
BUMBLEBEE-MAN !

[illegible]

QUALITY
COMICS
PUBLICATION

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CRACK

WESTERN

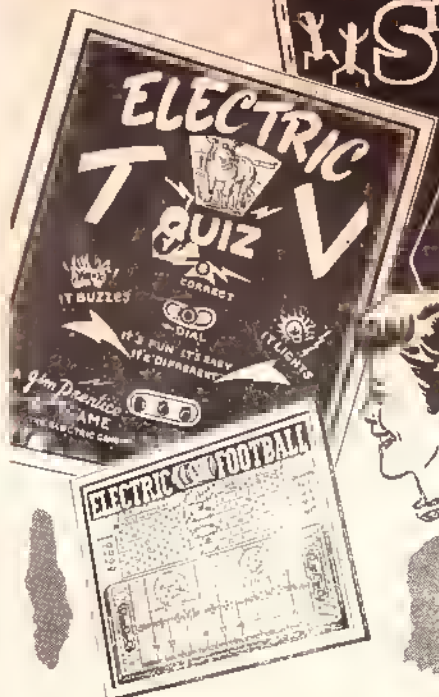
**An ARIZONA RAINES THRILLER-
COMANCHE TERROR!**



**NOW YOU CAN BUY
THIS AMAZING NEW
GAME...**

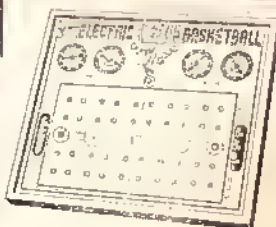
**IT'S
FUN**

Try your skill — pick out the plastic straws with the tweezers. You'll be thrilled when you beat the guarding signals. You'll be amazed when the bumble buzzer sounds off — surprised when the telltale lamp flashes for error. Enjoy hours of FUN for only \$1.50. Entertain with Electric Jack Straws—the new game craze. At your game store or order direct postpaid.



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GAMES AT YOUR GAME STORE, OR ORDER
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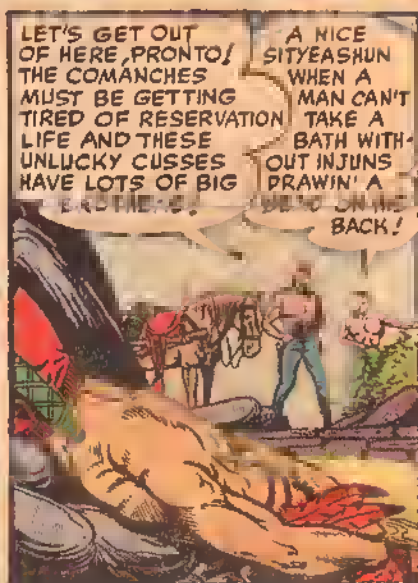
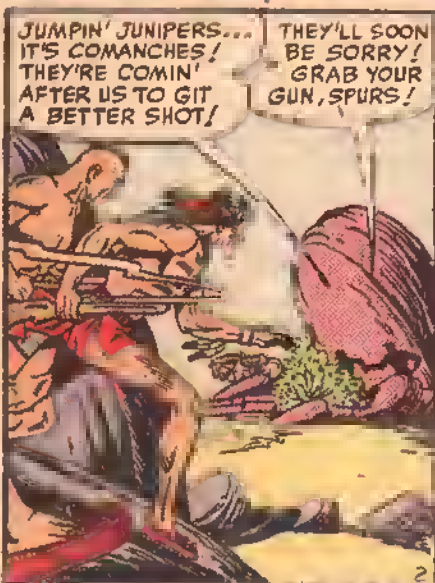
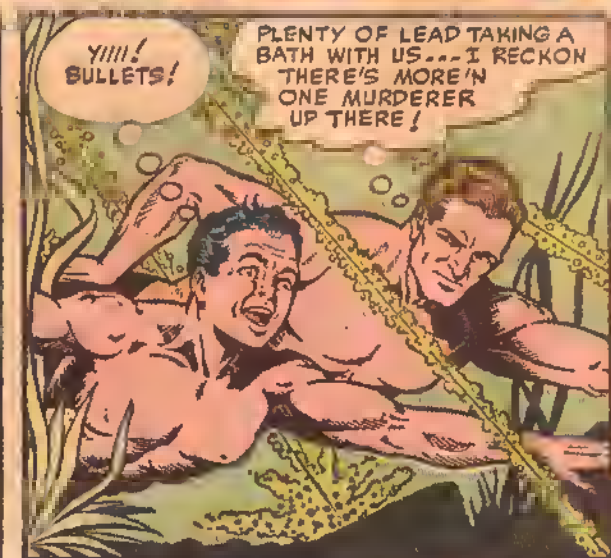
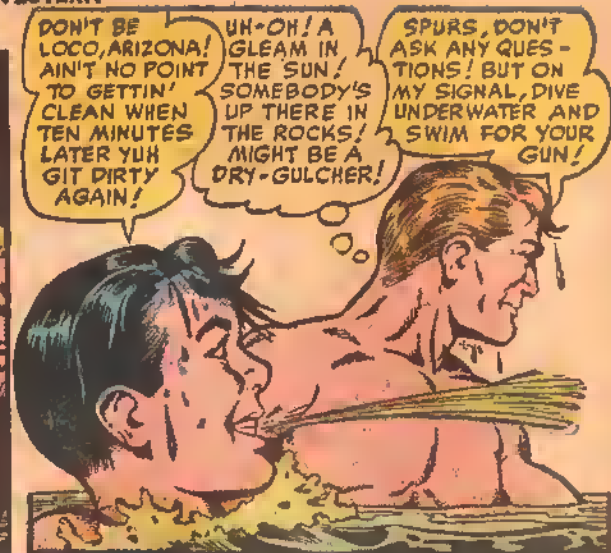
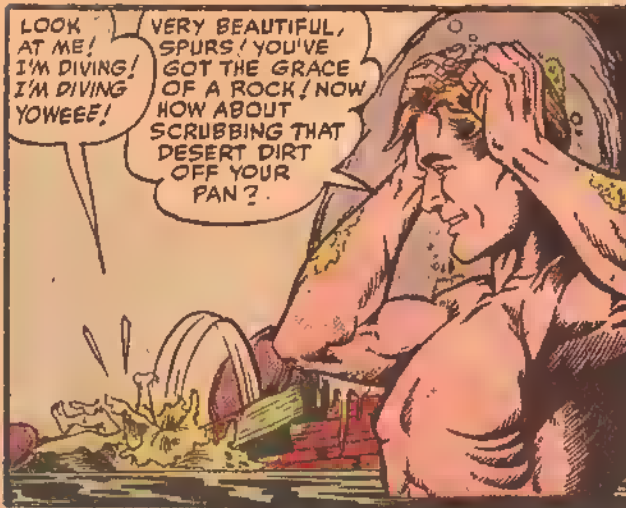
Arizona RAINES



LONG AGO A VALLEY OF DEATH STRETCHED BETWEEN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AND THE PACIFIC OCEAN! THOSE WHO PASSED THROUGH THAT DREAD TERRITORY UNDERWENT THE EXTREME TEST OF THEIR BODIES AND SOULS! IT WAS HARD ENOUGH TO FIGHT NATURE'S CRUELTY AND THE SAVAGES WHO TRIED TO MAKE THE WEST THE GRAVEYARD OF PROGRESS! BUT IT WAS A MANIACAL ENEMY FROM WITHIN WHO THREATENED ARIZONA RAINES AND HIS SADDLE-PARD, SPURS, WITH TOTAL EXTINCTION, AS THEY DESPERATELY TRIED TO MOVE THE WAGON WHEELS WESTWARD!

CRACK WESTERN

IT'S NOT EVERY DAY A COWBOY CAN TAKE A BATH...



CRACK WESTERN

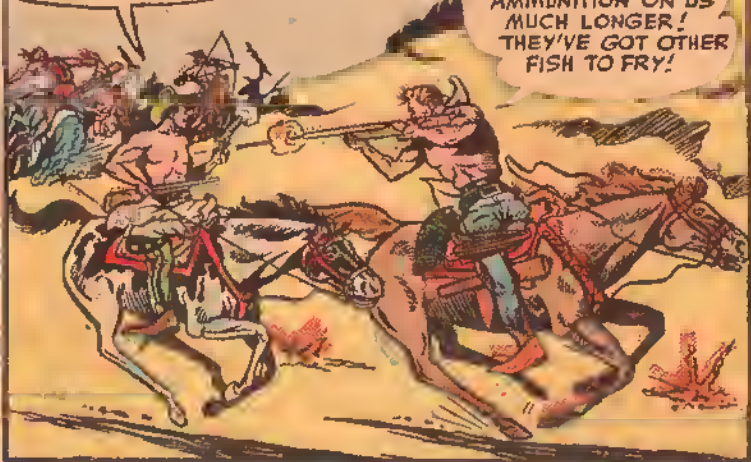
WOW! MORE REDSKINS! AN' ALL THUNKIN' ABOUT US! THEM COMANCHES ON THE ROCKS MUST'VE BEEN THEIR SCOUTS!

PUT UP YOUR RIFLE, YOU YOUNG YACK! WE CAN'T TAKE ON AN ARMY! WE'VE GOT TO RIDE FOR OUR LIVES! C'MON!



WE'RE OUTDISTANCIN' 'EM! WHERE'S THE NEAREST TOWN?

20 MILES AWAY! DON'T WORRY, THIS BUNCH WON'T WASTE AMMUNITION ON US MUCH LONGER! THEY'VE GOT OTHER FISH TO FRY!



ONE HOUR LATER, IN GREEN GULCH...

SO THE COMANCHES ARE ON THE WAR-PATH! WE'VE BEEN HEARIN' SUCH RUMORS!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BOTHERIN' 'EM, BUT THEY'RE OUT FOR BLOOD!



MMM... LIKELY BECAUSE OF THAT HUNK OF HUNTING GROUND THE GOVERNMENT THREW OPEN TO SETTLEMENT! A WAGON TRAIN PULLED OUT HERE LAST NIGHT FOR THAT LAND!

THEN THE TRAIN'S THEIR LIKELIEST TARGET! WE'LL WARN 'EM!



I WOULDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT 'EM! THEY GOT A CAVALRY ESCORT! BUT IT WON'T HURT TO TIP 'EM OFF THET A STORM'S COMIN'!

SHERIFF, WHAT WE SAW WAS A RIP-ROARING CYCLONE! BETTER WARN ANY SETTLEMENT WITHIN 300 MILES! GO, SPURS!



NOW I KNOW WHERE THE WORD INJUN-GIVIN' COMES FROM! THE GOVERNMENT PAID THE COMANCHES PLENTY FOR THAT LAND! NOW THEY TURN AROUND AND STAB UNCLE SAM IN THE BACK!

DON'T BE TOO HARD ON THE INJUNS, SPURS! THEY'RE A CONFUSED PEOPLE, SEEING THEMSELVES DRIVEN BACK SLOWLY AND SURELY!



THEY STRIKE OUT BLINDLY AT THOSE THEY THINK ARE THEIR ENEMY! AND IN THE LONG RUN THEY DON'T STAND A CHANCE! IN A WAY, YOU'VE GOT TO PITY 'EM!



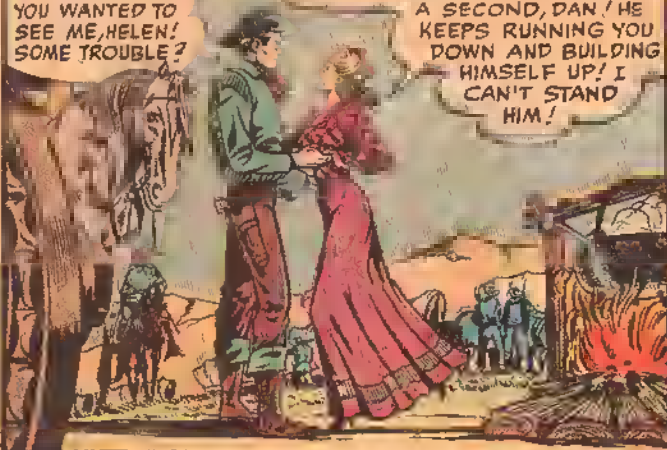
PITY A CRITTER WHO'LL TRY TO WEAR MY SCALP ON HIS BELT 2 NUTS TO THAT! I PITY THET WAGON TRAIN IF WE DON'T WARN 'EM IN TIME!



LATER THAT DAY, AS THE WAGON TRAIN SETTLES DOWN FOR THE NIGHT...

YOUR DAD SAID YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, HELEN! SOME TROUBLE?

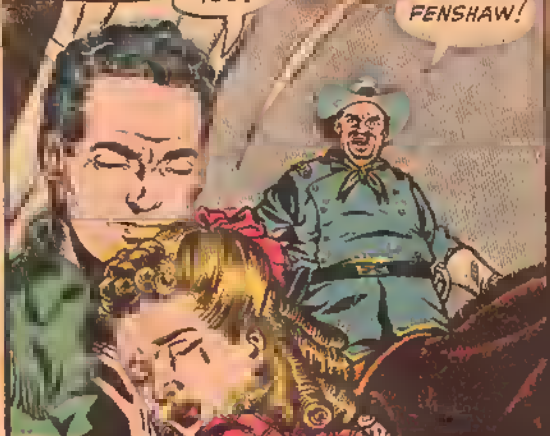
YES! IT'S CAPTAIN GROPE! HE DOESN'T LEAVE ME ALONE A SECOND, DAN! HE KEEPS RUNNING YOU DOWN AND BUILDING HIMSELF UP! I CAN'T STAND HIM!



NOBODY LIKES GROPE! BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID OF HIM! YOU STILL LOVE ME, DON'T YOU?

BUT HE FRIGHTENS ME! HE'S INSANELY JEALOUS OF YOU, DAN!

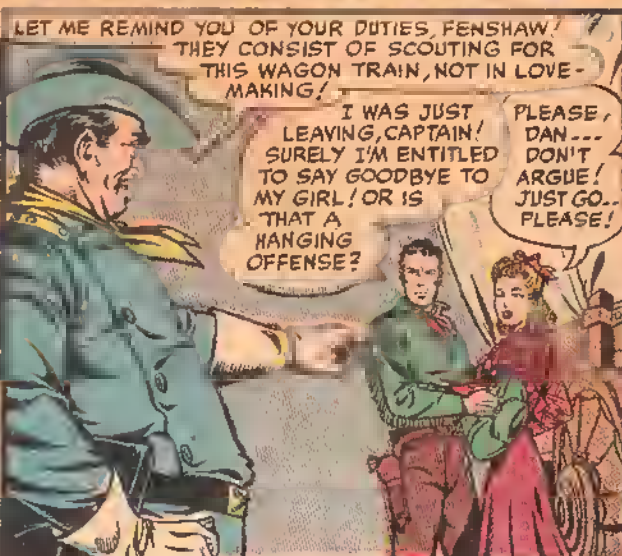
FENSHAW!



LET ME REMIND YOU OF YOUR DUTIES, FENSHAW! THEY CONSIST OF SCOUTING FOR THIS WAGON TRAIN, NOT IN LOVE-MAKING!

I WAS JUST LEAVING, CAPTAIN! SURELY I'M ENTITLED TO SAY GOODBYE TO MY GIRL! OR IS THAT A HANGING OFFENSE?

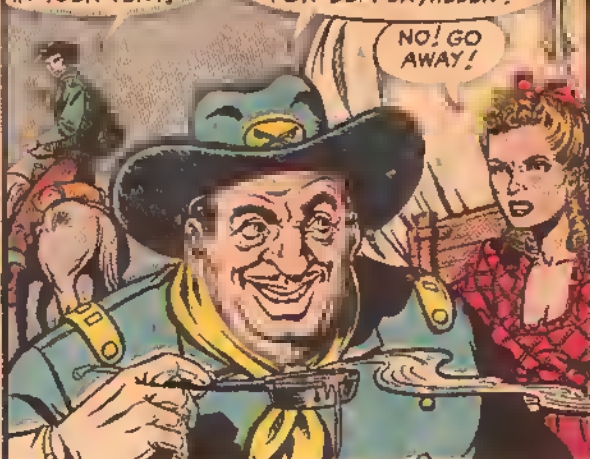
PLEASE, DAN... DON'T ARGUE! JUST GO... PLEASE!



I'LL REPORT BACK AT MIDNIGHT! LET ME FIND YOU IN YOUR TENT!

IMPUDENT YOUNG CROWBAIT! AHH! VENISON STEW! DELICIOUS! AM I INVITED FOR SUPPER, HELEN?

NO! GO AWAY!



LOOK HERE, YOU SHE-CAT! YOU CAN'T TREAT ME THIS WAY! I'M CAPTAIN GROPE AND I ALWAYS GET WHAT I WANT!

TAKE YOUR PAWS OFF MY DAUGHTER, CAP'N, AN' GIT!



YOU SLIMY WEASEL, YOU'VE PLAYED TIN GOD EVER SINCE YOU TOOK OVER THIS WAGON TRAIN! WELL, YOUR HOBBY HOSS AN' STICK TO YOUR SOLDIERIN'!

YOU'RE LUCKY I LIKE YOUR DAUGHTER! I'VE HAD MEN HORSE-WHIPPED FOR LESS!



LATER, AT CAPTAIN GROPE'S TENT...

THE WAGONS ARE IN A CIRCLE, SIR, AND ALL GUARDS HAVE BEEN POSTED!

HANG YOU, THE GUARDS, AND THIS RUTTY WAGON TRAIN! GET OUT OF MY WAY, YOU IDIOT!





THE DEVIL TAKE HER! SHE WON'T TREAT ME LIKE DIRT! AND THAT OLD COOT, HER FATHER... I'LL FIX HIM, TOO! I'M IN ABSOLUTE COMMAND HERE! I'LL HAVE MY WAY... OR ELSE!

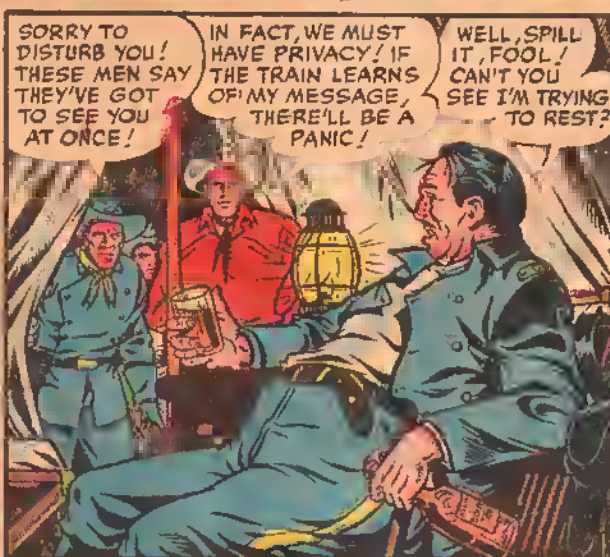
That night,



DON'T SHOOT, YOU LOCOWEED! CAN'T YUH SEE WE'RE FRIENDS?

I'VE A MESSAGE FOR YOUR SENIOR OFFICER! WHERE IS HE?

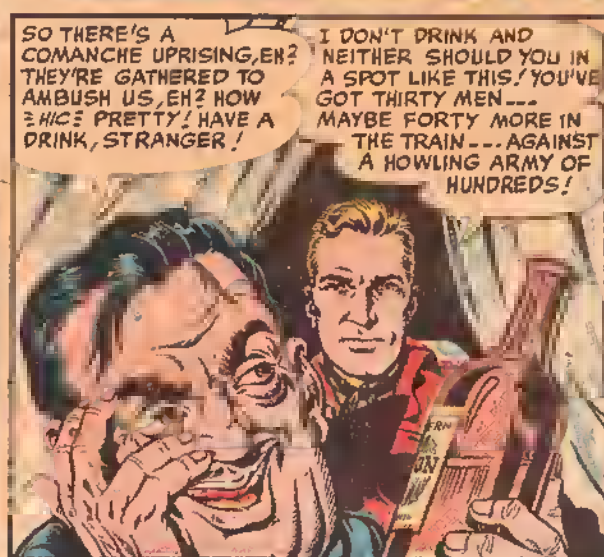
BACK IN THE BIG TENT!



SORRY TO DISTURB YOU! THESE MEN SAY THEY'VE GOT TO SEE YOU AT ONCE!

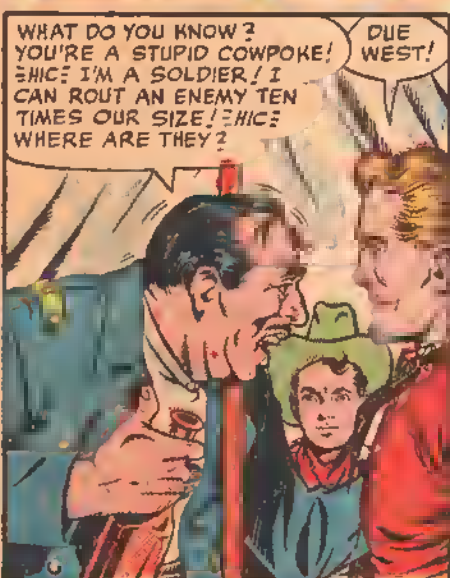
IN FACT, WE MUST HAVE PRIVACY! IF THE TRAIN LEARNS OF MY MESSAGE, THERE'LL BE A PANIC!

WELL, SPILL IT, FOOL! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TRYING TO REST?



SO THERE'S A COMANCHE UPRISING, EH? THEY'RE GATHERED TO AMBUSH US, EH? HOW NICE! PRETTY! HAVE A DRINK, STRANGER!

I DON'T DRINK AND NEITHER SHOULD YOU IN A SPOT LIKE THIS! YOU'VE GOT THIRTY MEN... MAYBE FORTY MORE IN THE TRAIN... AGAINST A HOWLING ARMY OF HUNDREDS!



WHAT DO YOU KNOW? YOU'RE A STUPID COWPOKE! NICE! I'M A SOLDIER! I CAN ROUT AN ENEMY TEN TIMES OUR SIZE! NICE! WHERE ARE THEY?

DUE WEST!



WE'LL HELP YOU. IN ANY WAY WE CAN, CAPTAIN! IF THE COMANCHES PULL THIS AMBUSH, THEIR VICTORY WILL TOUCH OFF A GENERAL WAR!

YOU HAVE BRAINS, I SEE! KEEP ME INFORMED OF THE COMANCHE MOVEMENTS; THAT'S ALL!



THEY HOMBRE WORRIES ME! I PEG HIM AS A BAD ACTOR!

LET'S NOT JUDGE PEOPLE TOO HASTILY! SPURS! STILL, I AGREE... THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT GROPE!

AFTER MIDNIGHT AS DAN FENSHAW
REPORTS TO GROPE...

I'VE A JOB FOR
YOU! SEEK OUT THE
COMANCHES AND
TELL THEM WE'RE
ON OUR WAY TO
CLAIM THE LAND
BOUGHT FROM
THEM!

BUT, SIR, I'VE
BEEN ON
DUTY 48
HOURS! WHY
MUST I FIND
THEM TONIGHT?



BECAUSE I
ORDER YOU TO!
NOW GET
GOING!

THE TYRANT! IT'S A
GOOD THING THIS
TREK WILL SOON BE
OVER! I CAN'T KEEP
MY TEMPER MUCH
LONGER!



THAT'S WHAT
GROPE WANTS
ME TO DO...
SO HE CAN USE
HIS MILITARY
AUTHORITY TO
PUNISH ME!

THAT'S THE
LAST OF
FENSHAW!
HE RIDES TO
HIS DEATH!



THERE'LL BE NO TROUBLE TONIGHT,
SPURS! EVEN THEIR SCOUTS
ARE BEDDING DOWN! IT MIGHT
MEAN THE COMANCHES ARE
WAITING FOR REINFORCEMENTS
BEFORE
ATTACKING!

LOOK, ARIZONA!
A LONE RIDER...
HEADING STRAIGHT
FOR THE COMANCHE
CAMP! IS THAT
HOMBRE CRAZY?



HE PROBABLY DOESN'T
KNOW THE COMANCHES
ARE ON THE WARPATH!
COME ON, SPURS!

RIGHT BEHIND YUH,
ARIZONA! MY NOSE WAS
ITCHIN' AND NOW I
KNOW WHY!



A PALE-
FACE
COMES!
KILL
HIM!

HAVE YOU COMANCHES
GONE LOCO? DROP
THOSE GUNS! I COME
IN PEACE! I---
OWWW!



VAMOOSE,
YUH LOCOWEED!
THEM INJUNS
ARE ON THE
WARPATH!

WHAT?
RUN...WE'LL
COVER
YOU!



THIS DOESN'T
MAKE SENSE!
CAPTAIN
GROPE
SAID THEY
WERE
PEACEFUL!

GROPE
SAID
WHAT?

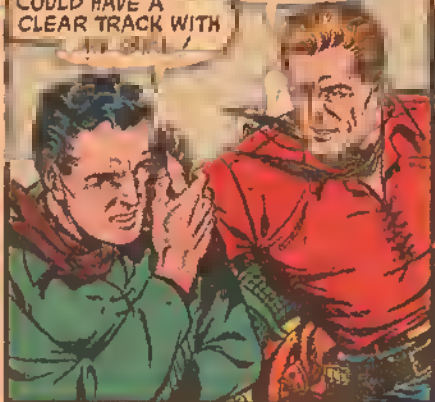
WE
OURSELVES
TOLD
GROPE
THERE
WAS AN
UPRISING!
HE MUST'VE
BEEN DRUNK
OR A LIAR!



CRACK WESTERN

NO, NOT A LIAR! GROPE JUST TRIED TO MURDER ME! HE WANTED TO KILL ME OFF SO HE COULD HAVE A CLEAR TRACK WITH

I WOULDN'T PUT IT PAST HIM! SOON AS I BIND THAT WOUND, WE'LL CONFRONT GROPE TOGETHER!



AN HOUR LATER...

FENSHAW'S BACK! SOMETHING WENT WRONG!

LIEUTENANT SUMMON THE GUARD!

GROPE, DID YOU SEND THIS MAN TO SEEK OUT THE COMANCHES AFTER I TOLD YOU THEY WERE ON THE WARPATH?



YOU TOLD ME NOTHING! GUARD, ARREST THESE MEN AS SUSPECTED RENEGADES! CAN'T THEY'VE BEEN TRAFFICKING WITH THE

DON'T BE A FOOL, GROPE! YOU CAN'T PIN TREACHERY ON US!



YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND AT A COURT-MARTIAL! PUT THESE COMANCHE LOVERS IN CHAINS!

TRUMPED-UP CHARGES, EH GROPE? WHAT DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD DO, SPURS?

THINK WE SHOULD GET OUTA HERE.



SORRY, PARTNERS, BUT WE'RE SORT OF WORRIED ABOUT OUR FUTURE!

YEAH! WE'RE SHY ABOUT FIRIN' SQUADS!



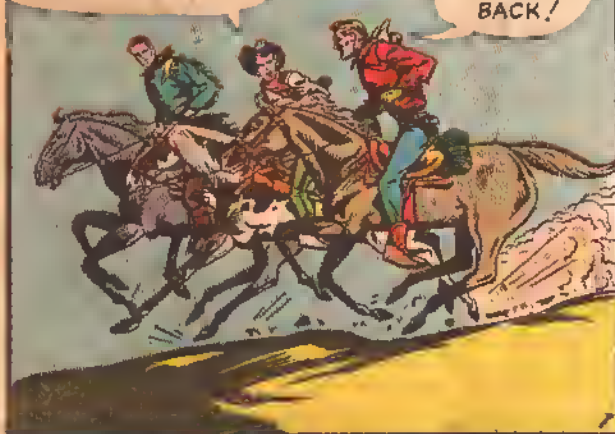
MOUNT YOUR HOSS, DAN! WE'RE BREAKING CAMP!

GUARD! GUARD! ROUSE THE WHOLE CAMP! KILL THESE TRAITORS! KILL THEM!



A NICE FIX WE'RE IN NOW! HUNG UP BETWEEN THE COMANCHES AN A NUT LIKE CAPIN GROPE! WHAT'S OUR WAY OUT, ARIZONA? SUICIDE?

AND LEAVE A MANIAC LIKE GROPE IN THE SADDLE? DON'T EVEN JOKE ABOUT IT, SPURS! WE'RE COMING BACK!



MEANWHILE, IN CAPTAIN GROPE'S TENT...

YOU SENT FOR ME, CAPTAIN!

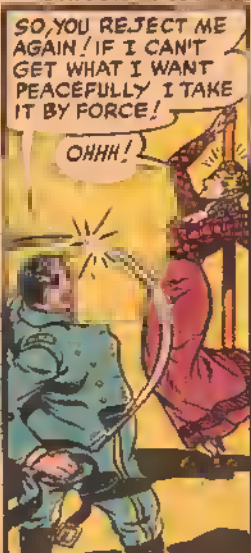
YES! MY PATIENCE IS EXHAUSTED, HELEN! BUT I'LL MAKE YOU ONE LAST PROPOSITION! EITHER YOU MARRY ME... AT ONCE... WITHIN THE HOUR...





...OR I DESERT THE WAGON TRAIN! I LEAVE IT BEFORE DAWN WITH MY ENTIRE FORCE! I MIGHT MENTION THERE'S A COMANCHE ARMY WAITING TO KIDNAP YOU!

WHY, YOU'RE NOT ONLY POWER-MAD! YOU'RE JUST PLAIN MAD! LET ME OUT OF HERE!



SO, YOU REJECT ME AGAIN! IF I CAN'T GET WHAT I WANT PEACEFULLY, I TAKE IT BY FORCE!

OH!!



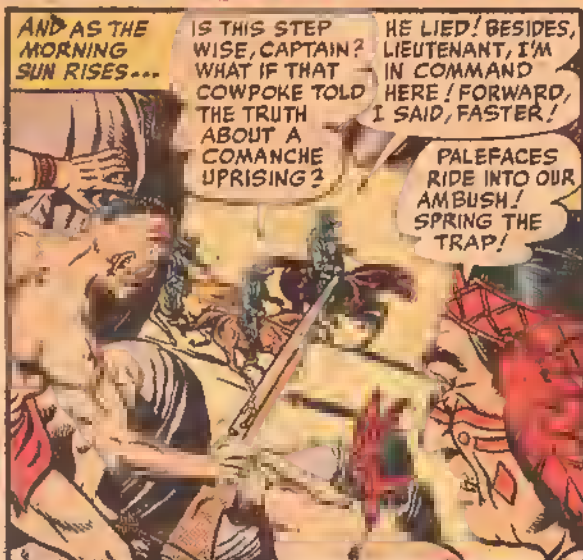
I'LL GAG YOU AND PUT YOU IN BACK OF THE AMMUNITION SUPPLY WAGON!



BUT, CAPTAIN YOU WERE TO ESCORT US ALL THE WAY TO THE --- OWWWW!

MY ORDERS ARE TO CONDUCT YOU THIS FAR AND NO FURTHER! GO THE REST OF THE WAY!

TROOP, FORWARD GALLOP!

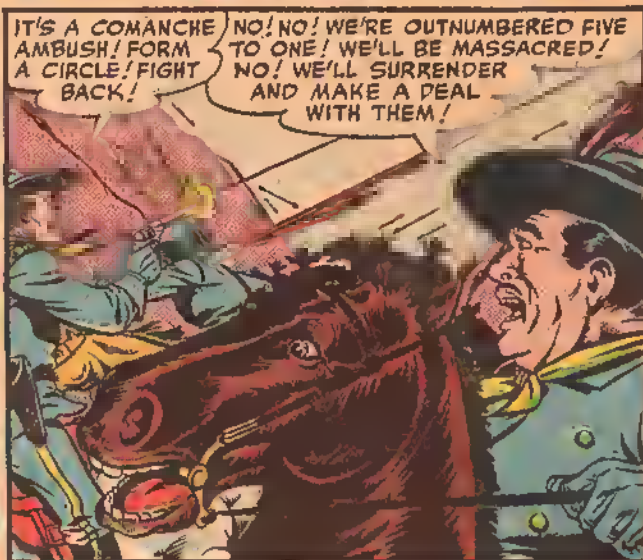


AND AS THE MORNING SUN RISES...

IS THIS STEP WISE, CAPTAIN? WHAT IF THAT COWPOKE TOLD THE TRUTH ABOUT A COMANCHE UPRISING?

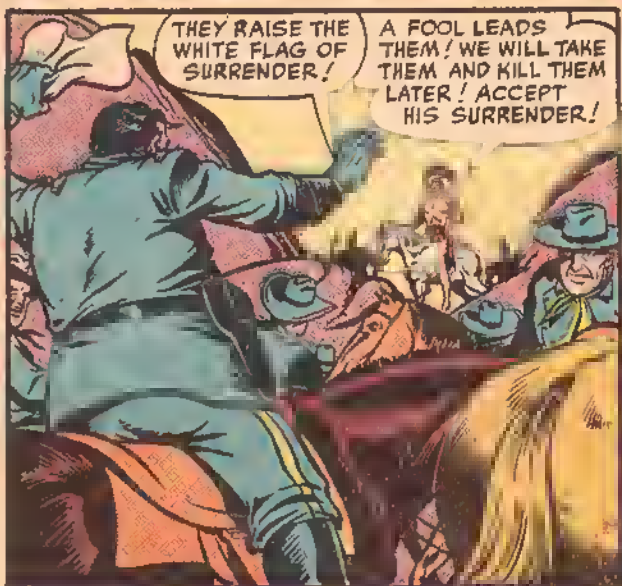
HE LIED! BESIDES, LIEUTENANT, I'M IN COMMAND HERE! FORWARD, I SAID, FASTER!

PALEFACES RIDE INTO OUR AMBUSH! SPRING THE TRAP!



IT'S A COMANCHE AMBUSH! FORM A CIRCLE! FIGHT BACK!

NO! NO! WE'RE OUTNUMBERED FIVE TO ONE! WE'LL BE MASSACRED! NO! WE'LL SURRENDER AND MAKE A DEAL WITH THEM!



THEY RAISE THE WHITE FLAG OF SURRENDER!

A FOOL LEADS THEM! WE WILL TAKE THEM AND KILL THEM LATER! ACCEPT HIS SURRENDER!



CHIEF, I'LL MAKE A BARGAIN! I'LL LEAVE MY MEN HERE AND GO BACK TO THE WAGON TRAIN! I'LL LEAD IT SMACK INTO YOUR AMBUSH! JUST SPARE MY LIFE AND THIS GIRL'S!

TWO LIVES FOR FIFTY LIVES! A FAIR EXCHANGE! YOU MAY HAVE THE GIRL! GIVE ME THE SETTLERS!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

DO YOU THINK DAN CAN MAKE IT BACK HERE WITH RE-INFORCEMENTS FROM GREEN GULCH IN TIME TO SAVE THE WAGONS?

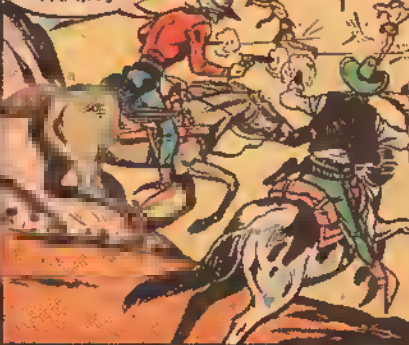
THERE'S THE ANSWER! A DESERTED INJUN CAMP WITH A FEW GUARDING GROPE'S CAPTURED TROOP! THAT MEANS THE ATTACKING THE TRAIN NOW!



SECONDS LATER...

POUR IT ON, SPURS! MAYBE WE CAN FREE THESE TROOPERS IN TIME TO RESCUE THE WAGON TRAIN!

KENO! AN' TEN TO ONE GROPE'S MISSIN' FACE MEANS HE DOUBLE-CROSSED HIS OWN PEOPLE!



FIVE MINUTES LATER...

IF YOU HADN'T RETURNED, MR. RAINES... WE'D ALL BE GONERS NOW!

OUR BEST TACTIC IS TO SURPRISE THEM FROM THE REAR... CATCH 'EM IN CROSS-FIRE!



FORWARD, MEN! OUR CHARGE WILL CARRY US THROUGH TO THE WAGONS!

SPURS, IT JUST HIT ME HOW WE CAN END THIS BLOODBATH! THE CHIEF'S RIGHT IN OUR WAY! I'LL TAKE HIM OUT! YOU GRAB HIS MEDICINE MEN!



ALL TOGETHER, SPURS... ONE... TWO...

PLENTY OF DUST ON THE GROUND, INJUN! BITE IT!



BETTER CALL OFF YOUR GRAVES, CHIEF, OR YOU'RE A SECOND AWAY FROM MEETING THE GREAT SPIRIT!

DON'T SHOOT! THEY WILL LISTEN TO ME! COMANCHE BRAVES, SURRENDER! THROW DOWN YOUR ARMS! I, YOUR CHIEF, COMMAND YOU!

IT'S WORKIN', ARIZONA! THEY'RE GIVIN' UP!

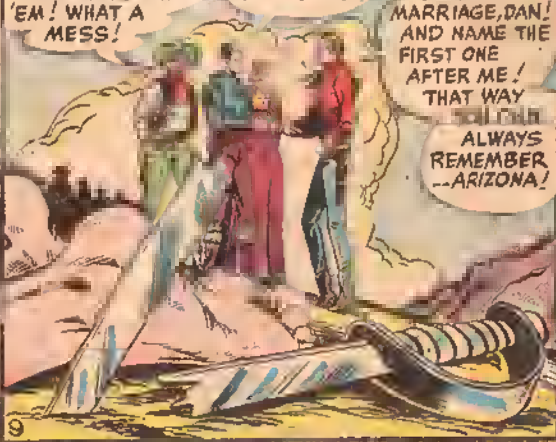


AFTER DAN FENSHAW ARRIVES WITH REINFORCEMENTS FROM GREEN GULCH...

THEM COMANCHES SURE PAID GROPE OFF FOR HELPIN' 'EM! WHAT A MESS!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, ARIZONA!

I DO! CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR MARRIAGE, DAN! AND NAME THE FIRST ONE AFTER ME! THAT WAY ALWAYS REMEMBER -- ARIZONA!



CRACK WESTERN

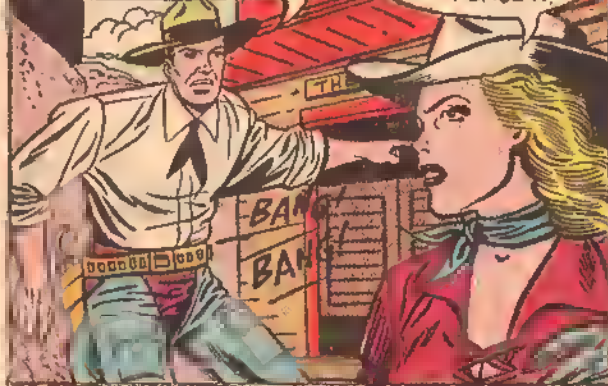
TWO-GUN LIL



ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON, WHILE LIL PETERS WAS TAKING A SOLITARY STROLL...

HEY, LIL! COME QUICK! DAN HYLAN AN' CROWFACE MCCOY ARE KILLIN' EACH OTHER AN' IT'S ALL **YOUR** FAULT!

CONSARN THOSE STUPID RANNIES! WHEN WILL THEY GIVE ME SOME PEACE ?!



SHE'S MINE, I TELL YOU! **MINE, MINE, MINE!**

AN' I SAY SHE'S MINE! **MINE! MINE! MINE!**

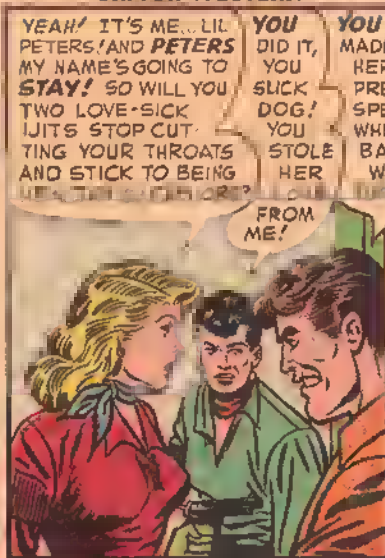


CRACK WESTERN



YOU'RE BOTH WRONG!
I'M **NOBODY'S!!**
NOBODY'S!
NOBODY'S!

LIL!
OWWW...
IT'S YOU!



YEAH! IT'S ME... **LIL**
PETERS! AND **PETERS**
MY NAME'S GOING TO
STAY! SO WILL YOU
TWO LOVE-SICK
JITS STOP CUT-
TING YOUR THROATS
AND STICK TO BEING
MEN!

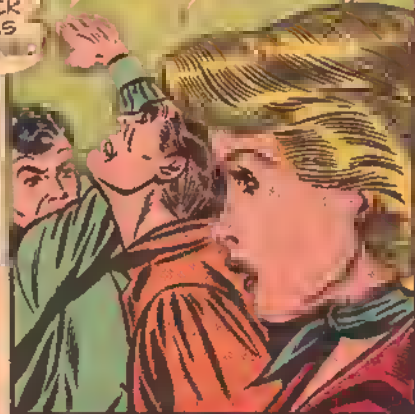
YOU
DID IT,
YOU
SUCK
DOG!
YOU
STOLE
HER
FROM
ME!

YOU
MADE
HER
PRETTY
SPEECHES
WHEN MY
BACK
WAS
TURNT

I'LL TEAR
YUH APART
WITH MY
BARE
HAND

I'LL RIP
YOU LIMB
FROM
LIMB!

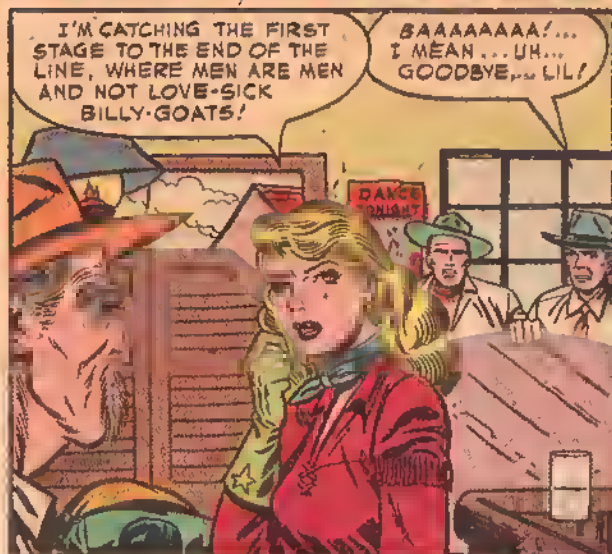
TCH! TCH!
THEY'LL KILL
THEMSELVES
JUST A SEC-
OND, BOYS!



WHAT,
LIL?

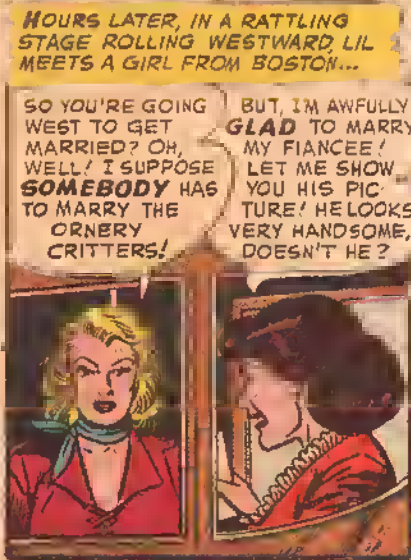
YOU'RE KNOCKING YOURSELVES
OUT! SEE?

SOCK!



I'M CATCHING THE FIRST
STAGE TO THE END OF THE
LINE, WHERE MEN ARE MEN
AND NOT LOVE-SICK
BILLY-GOATS!

BAAAAA...!
I MEAN... UH...
GOODBYE... LIL!



HOURS LATER, IN A RATTLING
STAGE ROLLING WESTWARD LIL
MEETS A GIRL FROM BOSTON...

SO YOU'RE GOING
WEST TO GET
MARRIED? OH,
WELL! I SUPPOSE
SOMEBODY HAS
TO MARRY THE
ORNERY
CRITTERS!

BUT, I'M AWFULLY
GLAD TO MARRY
MY FIANCEE!
LET ME SHOW
YOU HIS PIC-
TURE! HE LOOKS
VERY HANDSOME,
DOESN'T HE?



WHAT KIND OF
PICTURE IS
THIS? IT'S
BEEN CUT OUT
OF SOME
MAGAZINE!

YES! A MARRIAGE
BUREAU PUBLICA-
TION! YOU SEE,
I'VE NEVER
SEEN MY
FIANCEE! I'VE ONLY
WRITTEN TO HIM! BUT
I CAN TELL FROM WHAT
HE LOOKS LIKE!
VERY NICE!

BUT HOW
DO YOU
KNOW
YOU'LL LIKE
THE MAN
ONCE
YOU
SEE
HIM?

APPEARANCES DON'T
MEAN ANYTHING! WHEN
YOU'RE IN LOVE, YOU
TRUST BLINDLY! AND
JOHN WRITES SO
BEAUTIFULLY! HE HAS
A MAGNIFICENT RANCH,
A THOUSAND ACRES...
LOTS OF CATTLE!



WEALTHY RANCHER
SEEKS MATE 19-38

CRACK WESTERN

... I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THAT AFTER FOUR MONTHS OF WRITING, I'M GOING TO SEE JOHN AT LAST! HE'S WAITING FOR ME NOW AT HIS RANCH... THE BAR-X!

OKAY, MEN! LET'S TAKE THIS STAGE!



EEAAA!

WHAT IS IT?

OUTLAWS, SIS! SOMETHING YOU EASTERN CALICOES KNOW NOTHING ABOUT! KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN! I'VE GOT TO GO TOPSIDE... THE TEAM IS RUNNING WILD NOW!



LOOK WHAT'S CRAWLIN' OUT! A DAME!

THAT AIN'T NO DAME! THAT'S TWO-GUN LIL... E-I-I-I-I-I!



NO DAME, EH?! I'LL SHOW 'EM!

I DON'T WANT THET MAIL SHIPMENT BAD ENOUGH TO CROAK FUR IT! LET'S GIT OUTA HERE!



MINUTES LATER, AS LIL BRINGS THE STAGE TO A STOP...

HOW'D YOU LIKE THAT SCRAPE? LETTER-WRITING WON'T HELP YOU OUT OF JAMS LIKE TH... H-HEY!

B-BULLET... COUGH COUGH... I'M H-HIT! I T-TH... OHHHHHH!



I'VE GOT TO GET TO A DOCTOR FAST! LET'S SEE! THERE'S A GOOD SAWBONES HALF-WAY BETWEEN PETERVILLE, WHERE SHE WAS GOING, AND HERE!



AN HOUR LATER, AT THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE...

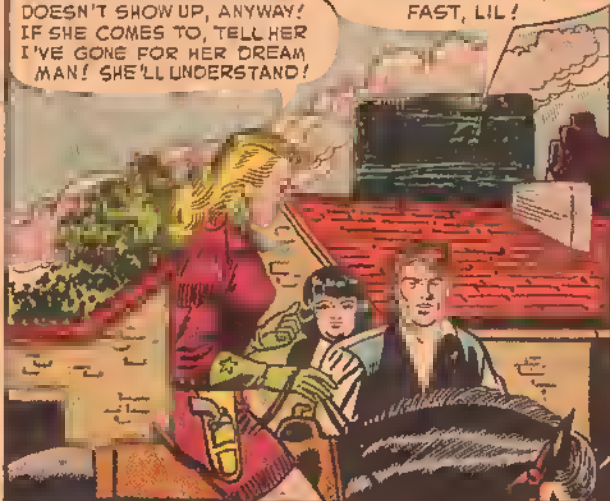
WELL, I'VE DONE EVERYTHING I CAN, LIL! THE REST IS UP TO HEAVEN! HAS SHE ANY RELATIONS?

I'VE BEEN DIGGING THROUGH HER PERSONAL THINGS! SHE'S AN ORPHAN NAMED NOLA SALISBURY! BUT SHE WAS ON HER WAY TO MARRY A... CALICO RANCHER, NAMED JOHN HUGHES! HE LIVES ABOUT 15 MILES FROM HERE!



I'LL GO FOR HIM! HE'LL BE WORRIED WHEN THE STAGE DOESN'T SHOW UP, ANYWAY! IF SHE COMES TO, TELL HER I'VE GONE FOR HER DREAM MAN! SHE'LL UNDERSTAND!

LET'S HOPE SHE'S **ALIVE** TO UNDERSTAND IT! RIDE FAST, LIL!



THAT'S LUCK FOR YOU! NOLA SALISBURY PACKS HER BAGS, TAKES ALONG HER LAST CENT, AND GOES TO MARRY A MAN 2,000 MILES AWAY! AND WHAT **HAPPENS?**! SHE GETS A BULLET!



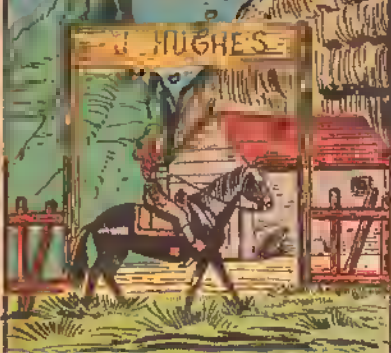
AN HOUR LATER...

THE BAR-X? NEVER HEERD OF SUCH A RANCH, MISS! BUT THERE'S A JOHN HUGHES! AROUND 'TET MOUNTAIN AN' BEAR RIGHT! ARE YUH **SURE** IT'S JOHN HUGHES YUH WANT?

IT ISN'T SANTA CLAUS! THANKS, PARD!



HMMMM... HERE IT IS! BUT THERE'S NO 1,000 ACRES OR CATTLE ON IT! THIS RUN-DOWN RATHOLE IS ON ITS LAST LEGS! THAT EASTERN GAL MUST'VE GOT THINGS ALL **BALLED UP!**



I'M LOOKING FOR JOHN HUGHES! NOLA SALISBURY...

NOLA?! WHY, MY DEAR! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO GO DOWN TO THE STAGE STATION TO FETCH YOU! COME IN! COME IN!



BUT... DON'T SAY A WORD... I'M DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU! YOU BROUGHT YOUR DOWRY? WHAT A QUESTION! OF COURSE! IT MUST BE OUTSIDE IN THOSE SADDLE BAGS! I MUST SAY I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO BE DRESSED LIKE THIS... **WELL, TO GET THE...**



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I...

YOU WANTED TO SURPRISE ME, SO YOU BOUGHT A COSTUME. EVEN TO TWO GUNS IN YOUR HOLSTERS! HEH! HEH! VERY CUTE! AND YOUR HAIR...YOU'VE **DYED IT!**



PERHAPS YOU THOUGHT I'D LIKE A BLONDE WIFE BETTER! HEH! HEH! I LIKE THEM ALL! I HAVE NO PREFERENCE! ALL WOMEN **RE LIKE TO ME!** THEY SERVE ONLY ONE **PURPOSE!**

LOOK, MISTER! STOP BLVDING OUT THE LIGHTS! I ADMIT YOUR LOOKS IMPROVE WHEN I CAN'T SEE 'EM, BUT I'M HERE ON **BUT...** I CAME HERE TO SEE JOHN HUGHES!



CRACK WESTERN

BUT I'M JOHN HUGHES!
...A WEE BIT DIFFERENT
FROM THE PICTURE
PRINTED IN THE
MARRIAGE BUREAU
MAGAZINE PERHAPS,
BUT HUGHES NONE-
THELESS! BOYS,
COME OUT! MY
BRIDE HAS
ARRIVED!

HEY! WHO
ARE THESE
GILA
MONSTERS?

MY BEST MEN! ALSO
YOUR PALL-BEARERS!
YOU SEE, MY DEAR,
I WON'T DISAPPOINT
YOU! YOU'LL BE
MARRIED, BUT NOT
TO ME! TO THE
GRIM REAPER!

YOU TWO-
LEGGED
SKUNK... AND
I'M INSULTING
THE SKUNKS!
YOU MEAN TO
TELL ME, YOU
LURED NOLA
SALISBURY OUT
HERE... SHE
AND HER DOWRY
MONEY... TO
MURDER
HER?!

NOT YOU ALONE, NOLA!
THERE ARE **FIVE** WOMEN
BURIED OUTSIDE! I
EXPECT ANOTHER ONE
NEXT WEEK... AND TWO
MORE NEXT MONTH!
THE GRAVES ARE
GOING TO **PILE**
UP!

YEP! THEY
SURE WILL
...ONLY WITH
A
DIFFERENT
SEX!

EAAAAA!

YOU... YOU KNOW
HOW TO **SHOOT**
THOSE GUNS!

YOU'RE CATCHING ON,
LOVER!! NOW LATCH ON
TO SOME LEAD
YOURSELF!

I OUGHT TO KILL YOU,
BUT I WANT NOLA TO
SEE YOU TWIRLING
AT THE END OF A
LONG ROPE!

**EEAA..
OH!!**

DON'T SHOOT ANY
MORE!! W-WE GIVE
UP! **SEE ?** W-WE'RE
DROPPIN' OUR
KNIVES!

SO YOU RAN A MURDER RACKET,
LURING POOR, GULLIBLE GALS
OUT HERE TO BE BUTCHERED FOR
THE DOWRIES THEY BROUGHT YOU!
...MAN, HANGING JUST **ONCE** IS
TOO GOOD FOR YOU! ...KEEP
WALKING OR YOU'LL ALL GET
IT **NOW!**

HOURS LATER, AS THE SUN CAME UP...

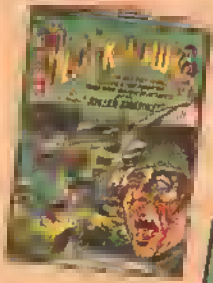
AH, YOU'RE **BACK**,
LIL! MISS SALIS-
BURY'S GOING TO
BE ALL RIGHT!
SHE'S LUCKY!

YOU'RE
TELLING
ME SHE'S
LUCKY!

DID YOU
SEE
JOHN?
HOW IS
HE?

HE'S MARRYING SOME ONE ELSE,
KID! A THIN GAL MADE OF ROPE,
WITH A DEADLY EMBRACE! SEE
THIS BULLET, NOLA? IT SAVED
YOUR **LIFE!** PUT IT IN YOUR HOPE
CHEST AND GIVE IT TO THE **REAL**
MAN IN YOUR LIFE, WHEN HE
COMES TO YOU WITH LOVE
ON HIS LIPS. NOT
DEATH!



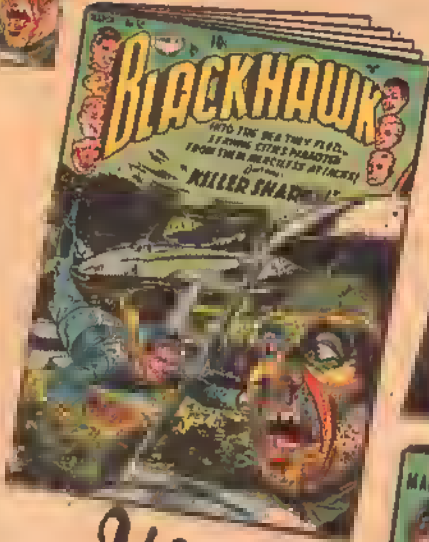


BIGGER!

BIGGER!

And

BIGGER!



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MONTH THE GREATEST
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THROUGHOUT THE WORLD!



BOB ALLEN

*Frontier
Marshal*

BOB ALLEN, FRONTIER MARSHAL, ADVERTISED FOR A DEPUTY! WHAT SHOWED UP FOR THE JOB ALMOST MADE HIM FAINT! BUT BOB'S SHOCK WAS NOTHING COMPARED WITH THE UPHEAVAL THAT ENSUED WHEN LUCIUS P. POTTS, SELF-STYLED SLAYER OF SIMOLEON-MAD SCALLYWAGS, PLAYED A GAME OF BLIND MAN'S BLUFF WITH THE WEST'S MOST VENOMOUS GANG OF DESPERADOES---

THE BLACK GUN GANG!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, BOYS! THE BEANBRAIN'S BLIND AS A BAT!

I'LL PUT A SLUG BETWEEN HIS SHOULDER BLADES!

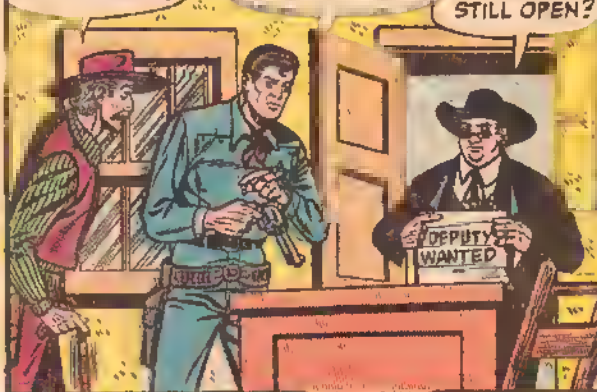
ER...THE FIRST SCOUNDREL TO REACH FOR HIS REVOLVER WILL BE...ER...LIQUIDATED!
EGULP!



THET "DEPUTY WANTED" SIGN'S BEEN HANGIN' OUTSIDE FER TWO WEEKS! DON'T NOBODY WANT STEADY EMPLOYMENT?

GUESS NOT, OLDTIMER! THIS TOWN'S TOUGH! WEARING A DEPUTY'S STAR IS LIKE BUYING A ONE-WAY TICKET TO BOOT HILL!

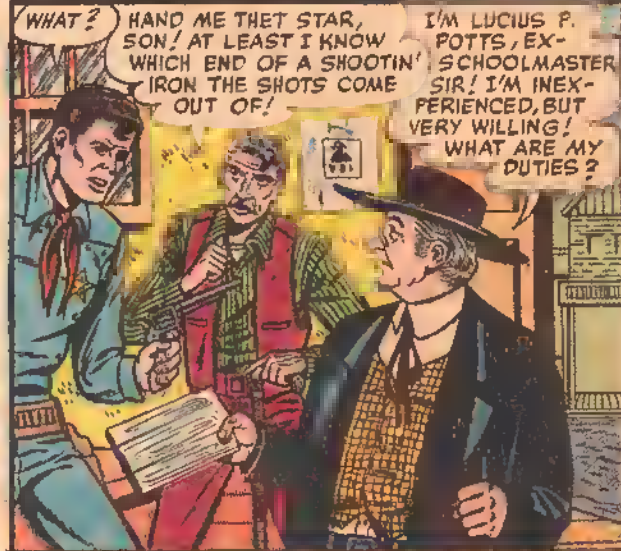
BEG PARDON, SIR! BUT IS THIS POSITION STILL OPEN?



WHAT?

HAND ME THET STAR, SON! AT LEAST I KNOW WHICH END OF A SHOOTIN' IRON THE SHOTS COME OUT OF!

I'M LUCIUS P. POTTS, EX-SCHOOLMASTER SIR! I'M INEXPERIENCED, BUT VERY WILLING! WHAT ARE MY DUTIES?



LOOK, LUCIUS, THIS IS NO JOB FOR A SCHOOL-TEACHER! YOU'RE LIABLE TO GET KILLED!

I'M AWARE OF THE ATTENDANT DIFFICULTIES, SIR! AS A SCHOOL-TEACHER, I WASTED TEN YEARS TRYING TO TEACH YOUNG HOODLUMS TO BECOME BETTER CITIZENS! I'VE DECIDED TO TRADE IN MY LATIN BOOKS FOR A REVOLVER!



LOOK, LUCIUS, I CAN'T HIRE YOU! YOU'D ONLY HAVE YOUR FOOL HEAD SHOT OFF... PROBABLY WITH YOUR OWN GUN! NOW VAMOOSE!

ALL I ASK IS A FAIR TRIAL! I SHALL AVAIL MYSELF OF THIS EXTRA GUNBELT!



I GOT A HOT TIP THAT THE BLACK GUN GANG'S IN TOWN! THEY'RE KILLERS, LUCIUS! I CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE YOU BUNGLE THIS JOB!

DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES SIR! I'M REALLY QUITE CAPABLE!



LOOK HERE, LUCIUS P. POTTS, IF YOU GET KILLED, I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF! SO YOU FOLLOW A MILE BEHIND ME WHERE YOU CAN'T GET HURT, SAVVY?

PERFECTLY! THIS IS THE BIGGEST DAY OF MY LIFE! T-TO WEAR THE BADGE OF A DEPUTY MARSHAL!



WAL, IF I AIN'T JEST SEEN' PINK ELFANTS OR BLACK ONES! YUH HOOKED YOURSELF A DEPUTY, MARSHAL! WHAT BOTTOM OF WHAT BARREL DID YUH SCRAPE HIM OUTTA?

HE AIN'T FROM THE BOTTOM OF NO BARREL! HE'S THE BARREL HISSSELF! HAW! HAW!

OOFF!



A VERY FUNNY JOKE! NOW LAUGH FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF YOUR MOUTH... IF YOU CAN FIND IT!

THAT WASN'T NECESSARY, MARSHAL! I WAS ABOUT TO GIVE THE RASCAL A PIECE OF MY MIND MYSELF!



WHY DOES EVERYTHING HAPPEN TO ME? C'MON, YOU... YOU... DEPUTY, YOU!

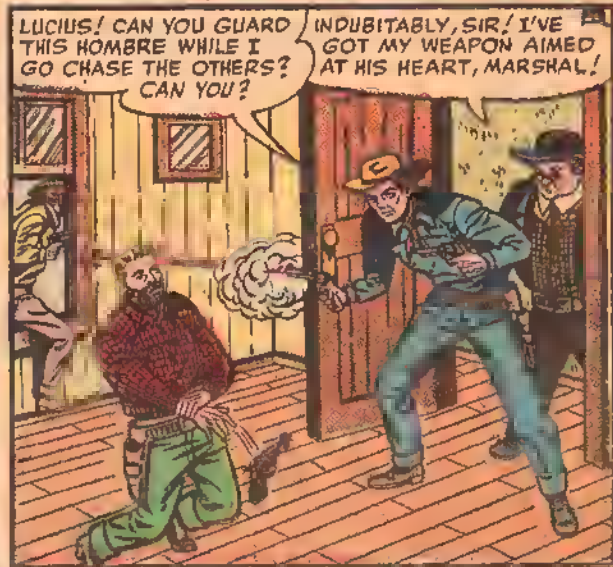
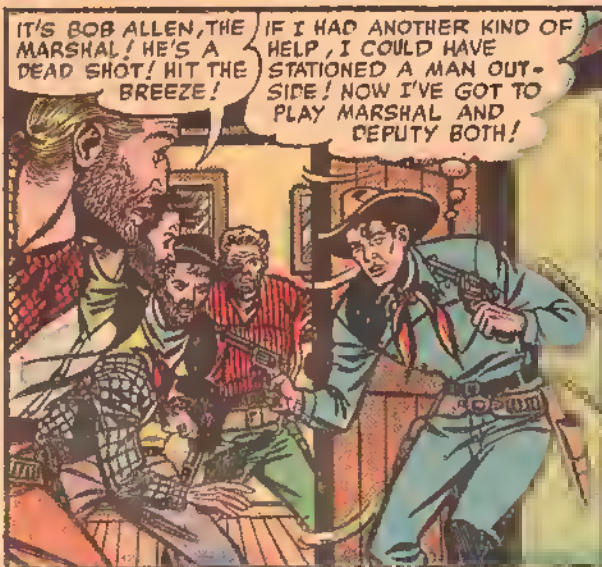
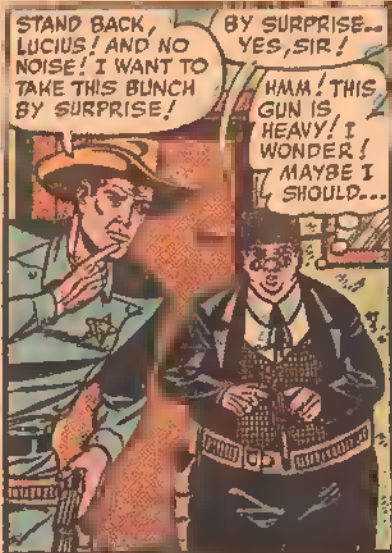
I SHALL BE BACK ANON... AND DISCIPLINE YOU RUFFIANS! LUCIUS P. POTTS NEVER FORGETS AN AFFRONT... EGAD!



LOOK, YOU! I HAD A TIP THAT THE BLACK GUN GANG'S MOVED IN HERE! WHERE ARE THEY?

IN THE BACK ROOM! BUT DON'T TELL 'EM I TOLD YUH! THEY'D KILL ME!





LUCIUS! LOOKS LIKE YOUR DEPUTY TOOK A NAP DURIN' BUSINESS HOURS! HA! HA! WHEN OUR GANG GITS GOIN' YUH'LL ALL BE SLEEPIN' WITH SIX FEET O' DIRT ON YORE CHESTS!



That NIGHT...

I'VE GOT TO GO OUT AND DIG UP THE REST OF THIS MOB! DO YOU THINK I CAN LEAVE YOU ALONE WITH THOSE TWO BACK THERE?



A NEEDLESS QUESTION! DO NOT JUDGE ME BY MY PREVIOUS PERFORMANCE, SIR! BY THE WAY, HAS THIS BEEFSTEAK SWELLED YET?



DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, LUCIUS!

OH, DEAR! PERHAPS I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LEFT THE CLASS-ROOM! I'VE DONE NOTHING BUT EARN UNIVERSAL CONTEMPT!



HEY! WHERE'S THE MARSHALL? I GOTTA SEE THE MARSHALL!

I, SIR, AM THE MARSHAL! OR RATHER THE DEPUTY MARSHAL! CAN I BE OF SERVICE?



YOU! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! I'D AS SOON GIT MY KID SISTER TO TAKE ON THEM VARMINTS! HEY!

RIDICULE WILL GET YOU NOWHERE, YOUNG MAN! NOW TELL ME WHO THESE VARMINTS ARE AND WHAT MISCHIEF THEY'RE UP TO. OR I'LL TAKE A BIRCH BOUGH TO YOUR BRITCHES!



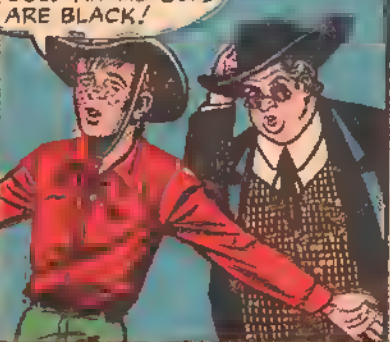
HEY! NOW I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! THE SCHOOL-TEACHER AT THE CHERRYTOP SCHOOL HOUSE!

THE PAST IS FORGOTTEN! DON'T REMIND ME OF IT! WHO ARE THESE VARMINTS? SPEAK!



OKAY! IT'S LIKE THIS, TEACHER! A GUY SHOWED UP AT OUR BOARDIN' HOUSE! HE TALKS BAD AND ACTS WORSE! HE HAD ON COLD AN' HIS GUNS ARE BLACK!

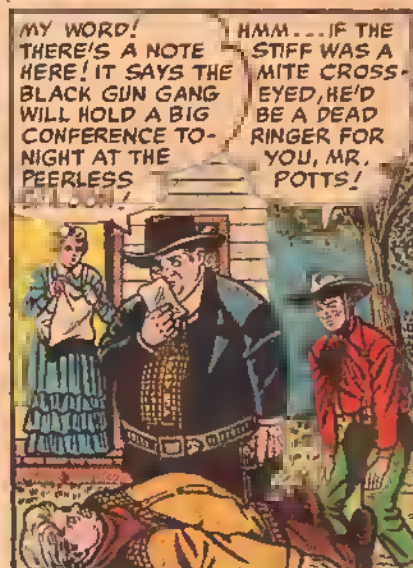
BLACK GUNS, EH? LEAD ME TO THE BLACKGUARD, YOUNG MAN!



ARE YUH SURE YUH CAN HANDLE HIM? IF I WAS A DESPERADO YUH WOULDN'T WORRY ME NONE!

DON'T JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER! ELEVATE YOUR MEMBERS, STRANGER! I'M A LAW OFFICER!





CRACK WESTERN

OH THAT VERY SECOND, IN THE
PEERLESS SALOON---

THIS IS VERY EMBARRASSING! I
CAN'T SEE A FOOT IN
FRONT OF ME WITHOUT THEY!
MY GLASSES! WHAT'S
WITH PORKIE
TONIGHT?



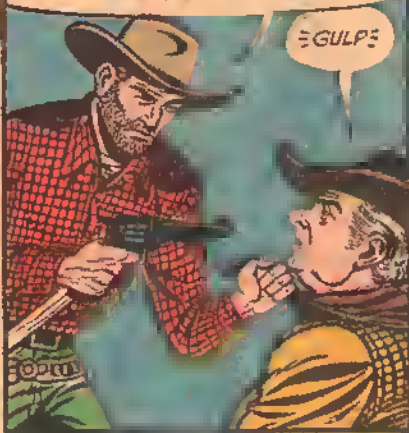
HE'S ACTIN' CRAZY!
LOOKIT HIM WALK...
WITH HIS ARMS
OUT!

HE'S
TRIPPIN'
OVER HIS
OWN TOES!
MAYBE HE'S
DRUNK!



WAIT A MINUTE! THIS AIN'T PORKIE!
THET BLACK EYE! THEM GLASSES
MARKS ON HIS NOSE! YORE THET
NEAR-SIGHTED CRUMB I SOCKED
IN THE HOTEL THIS AFTERNOON!

GULP!



AND I'M BOB ALLEN, AND
I SAY DROP YOUR GUN
BELTS IF YOU DON'T WANT
YOURSELVES TO BE
DROPPED!

EUREKA! RESCUE IS AT
HAND! I'M WITH YOU,
BOB! SHOULD I HAVE
BUT TO DRAW MY
GUN AND---



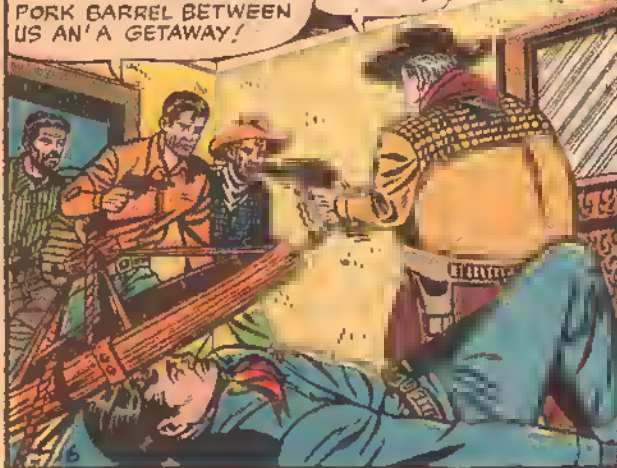
OHHHH!

GOODNESS! THE WEAPON WENT
OFF PREMATURELY!



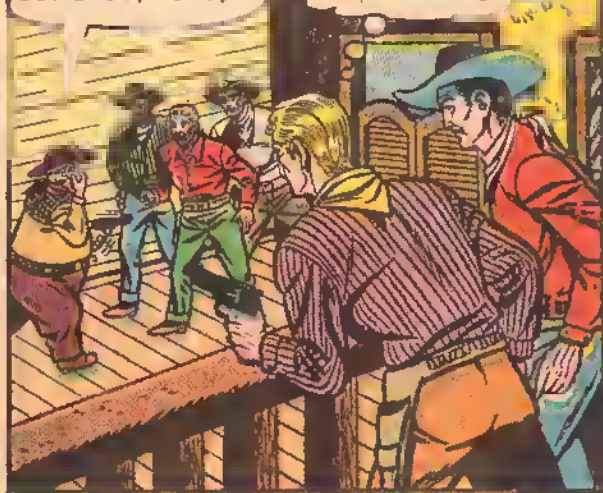
WELL, AIN'T THAT A
SHAME! BOB ALLEN'S
OUT COLD! AN' THERE'S
ONLY THIS NEAR-SIGHTED
PORK BARREL BETWEEN
US AN' A GETAWAY!

DON'T APPROACH,
GENTLEMEN! I WARN
YOU! I WILL PULL THIS
TRIGGER!



YOU CAN'T TRIFLE WITH
THE LAW, YOU KNOW!
GET BACK, I SAY!

THIS IS A CINCH! I'LL
LET HIM HAVE IT RIGHT
IN THE BACK!



CRACK WESTERN



EEAAAH!



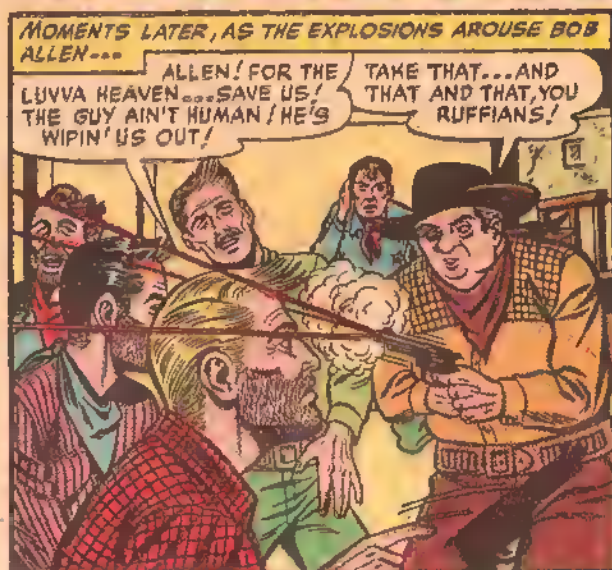
THAT WAS
JEST LUCK!
LET'S
BLAST
HIM!

GRACIOUS! WHAT'S
HAPPENING! WHERE
IS EVERYBODY?



KILL THE
INSECT!

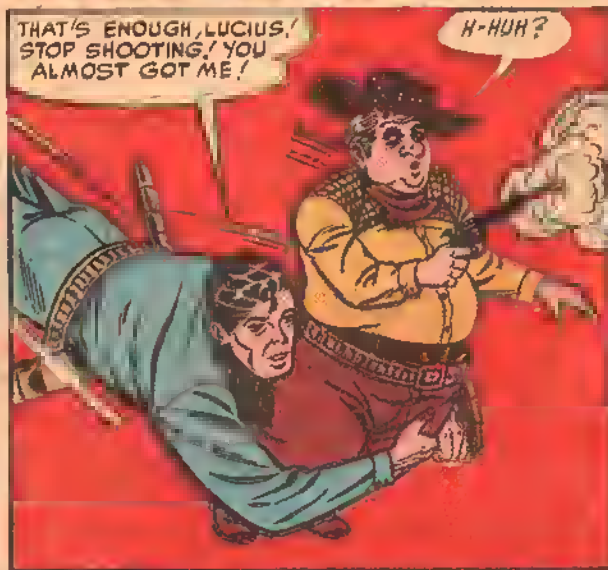
KILL ME! WELL IF
THAT'S YOUR
ATTITUDE...AN EYE
FOR AN EYE! OHHH!
THIS NOISE IS
DEAFENING!



MOMENTS LATER, AS THE EXPLOSIONS AROUSE BOB
ALLEN---

ALLEN! FOR THE
LUVVA HEAVEN...SAVE US!
THE GUY AIN'T HUMAN! HE'S
WIPIN' US OUT!

TAKE THAT...AND
THAT AND THAT, YOU
RUFFIANS!



THAT'S ENOUGH, LUCIUS!
STOP SHOOTING! YOU
ALMOST GOT ME!

H-HUH?



I HAD YOU ALL WRONG, LUCIUS!
YOU'RE A SHARP-SHOOTING
DEPUTY IF I EVER SEEN ONE!
WHY, YOU TOOK OVER THE BLACK
GUN GANG SINGLE-HANDED! I CAN
JUST IMAGINE WHAT YOU'D DO IF
YOU HAD YOUR GLASSES ON!

YOU M-MEAN---I--
ME---I--UH---DID
ALL THIS?



OHOOHHH!

I DON'T BLAME YOU,
LUCIUS! I FEEL
SORTA WEAK WITH
SHOCK MYSELF!



A FEW DAYS LATER...
WHAT'S THE LOW-
DOWN ON YORE
NEW DEPUTY, BOB?
IS HE SO TOUGH
LIKE THEY
-SAY?

I'LL TELL
YOU, OLD-
TIMER, IF
LUCIUS P.
POTTS CAN
MAKE MAGIC
TAKE THE PLACE
OF SKILL, I'M
SATISFIED!

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Alfred Grenet, 347 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Richard E. Arnold, 347 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Magazines, 378 Sumner St., Stamford, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

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(Signed) EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of Sept. 1951. (Signed) LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public. (My commission expires April 1, 1954.)

TENDERFOOT COWBOY

As the train chugged away from the small Canyon Corners' depot, a solitary figure stood watching with a satisfied smile. He was a tall, thin man with big bones and skin the color of copper. A shock of gray hair fell forward under his ten-gallon hat. And his boots were shined and his clothes neater than usual. His shoulders were straighter, too, because he was proud of the way things had turned out.

"Everything's all right now," Jeb Garfield said to himself. "And that pretty girl's the one who did it."

Jeb sauntered into the depot and to the back room where his old friend, Pete Swanson, held out as the station agent. Jeb sat down and put his feet up against the pot belly stove. He looked relaxed and happy.

"Well, Pete," he began, more as if he were talking to himself, "Tom's off on his honeymoon. And he married a good girl. Yes, sir. That little Marie's a dandy!"

"She sure seems to be, Jeb," Pete answered.

"Guess I never told you, Pete," Jeb continued, "how worried I've been about that boy of mine. Tried to keep my troubles to myself and kinda hated to have people in these parts know about it, though they probably did anyway. Tom turned out to be a tenderfoot, scared of horses."

"I guess everybody around here knows," Pete replied, "that Tom hasn't been much help to you, Jeb. He never seemed to take much to ranchin'."

"My fault," mused Jeb. "I put him on a horse too soon. Tried to make a man out of him when he was nothing but a baby! He was just a little tyke when the horse bucked and threw him! He was always scared of horses after that."

"Sendin' him to them Eastern schools didn't help much either, Jeb," said Pete.

"Didn't hurt him any," Jeb retorted, looking up and nodding to put across his point. "I never got an education but I wanted my boy to have one."

There was a moment of silence while Jeb bit off a piece of chewing tobacco and then he continued. "Well, as you know, while Tom was away to college, I turned the ranch into a duder. People started comin' for their vacations and we put up good eats and all and they liked it. One person told another person and we built up a right nice business. We had—"

"Look, Jeb," interrupted Pete. "Can you make more money that way than by regular ranchin'?"

"Sure," Jeb answered as he spat into the coal bucket. "Sure. No comparison. City folks pay big prices if you treat 'em right! Well, Tom graduated and came home this Spring and he wasn't satisfied. He hated horses and all the cowhands kinda looked on him like—well, like a weak sister. I felt bad about that. I really did. I—"

"I know," sympathized Pete. "You like to feel proud of your kid."

"That's it," Jeb agreed. "But I wasn't proud of Tom. I felt pretty terrible, him bein' a laugh-in' stock around the ranch. But then this little Marie Slater came from Connecticut for her vacation. Gosh!" And here, Jeb settled back in his chair and smiled broadly. "Gosh, she's really a good girl. She liked horses and Tom liked her. And she thought he was a real honest-to-gosh cowboy. And he said he was and he set out to prove it!"

"What happened?" queried Pete, pulling up a chair and listening now with interest. "Did he come through?"

"Did he come through? Ha, ha, ha. He had to," Jeb leaned back in his chair and laughed as he remembered the incident. "There was a horse that we had to break and Marie kinda fell in love with that horse and said nobody better do it but Tom. He had to break that horse or lose this girl he was so crazy about. So what happened—?"

Jeb chuckled as he brought his feet back to the floor and leaned forward to put emphasis to the end of the story. "What happened? He broke the horse. And since then, he's not afraid any more. And he'll be the best rancher around here one of these days. You wait and see if I'm not right."

"You mean they're coming back here to live?" asked Pete, as he walked toward the ticket office to talk to a customer.

"Yep, they sure are," grinned Jeb as he stood up and hitched up his breeches and took another chew of tobacco. "They're gonna have a new house on the West forty. And Tom's gonna take over the land."

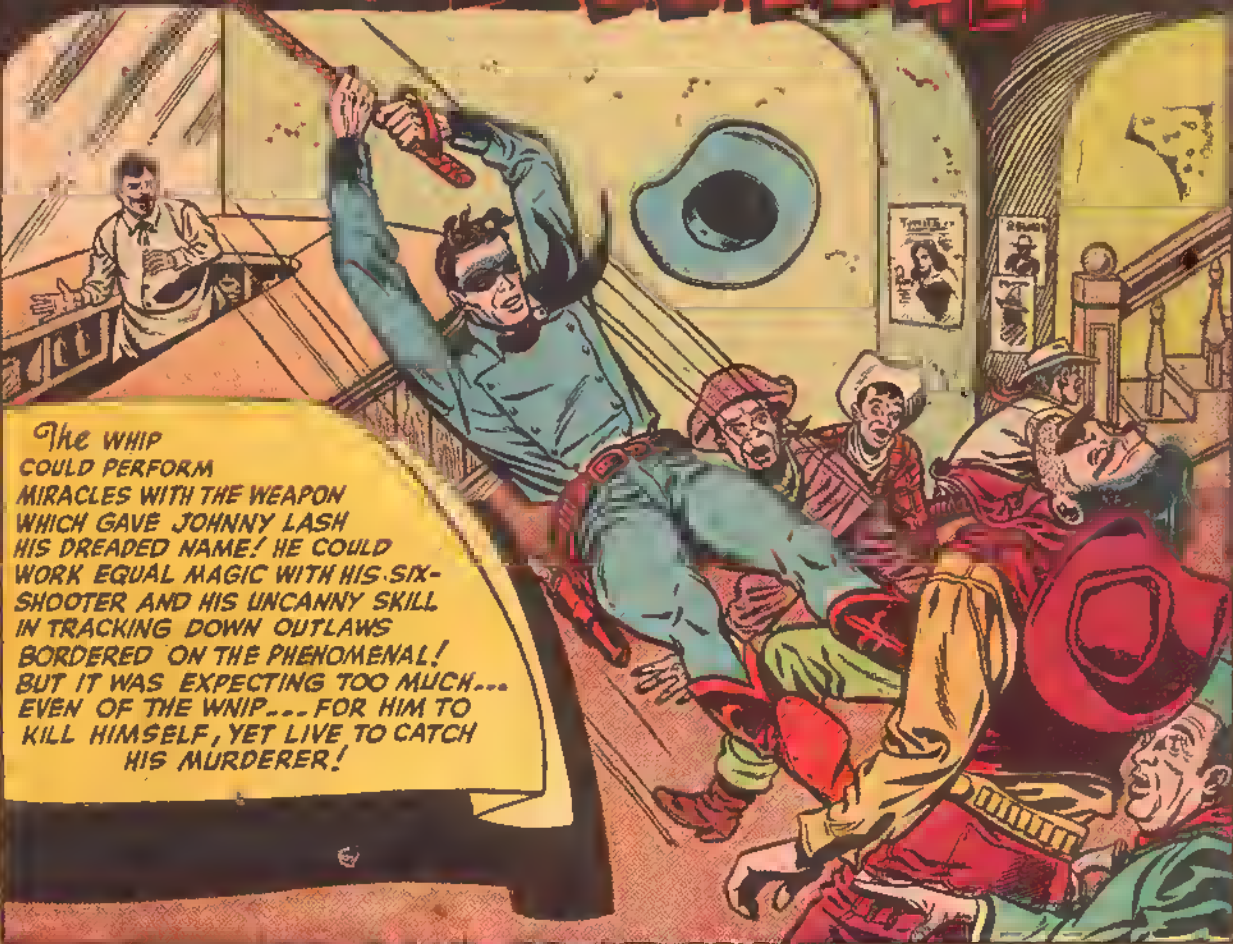
"That's swell," said Pete as he turned from taking care of the customer. "I guess Tom's turnin' out all right, after all."

"Sure is," bragged Jeb as he sauntered out of the back room. "He's turnin' out fine. Bul, that little girl did it."

"Know what, Pete?" added Jeb, just before he started out the door. "Sometimes it takes a woman to make a man out of a boy. See you later."

THE WHIP

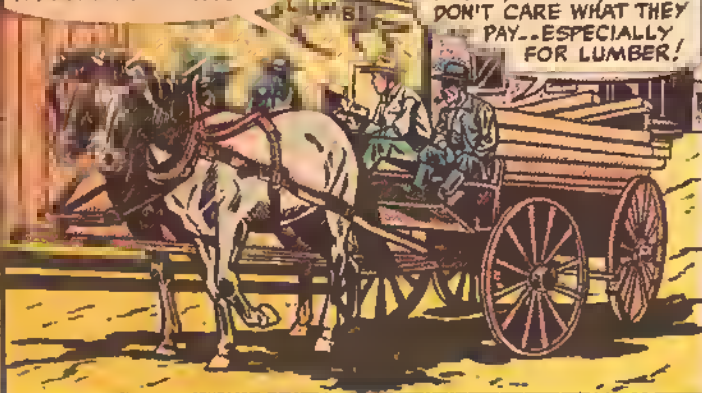
The whip
COULD PERFORM
MIRACLES WITH THE WEAPON
WHICH GAVE JOHNNY LASH
HIS DREADED NAME! HE COULD
WORK EQUAL MAGIC WITH HIS SIX-
SHOOTER AND HIS UNCANNY SKILL
IN TRACKING DOWN OUTLAWS
BORDERED ON THE PHENOMENAL!
BUT IT WAS EXPECTING TOO MUCH...
EVEN OF THE WHIP... FOR HIM TO
KILL HIMSELF, YET LIVE TO CATCH
HIS MURDERER!



ONE AFTERNOON, IN BLACK RIDGE, NEAR THE SITE OF A GOLD STRIKE...

FUNNY WHAT A GOLD STRIKE WILL DO, MR. ADAMS! A MONTH AGO BLACK RIDGE WAS JUST A STAGE STATION... NOW LOOK AT IT! ALMOST A CITY!

YEAH, BUT GOLD DOES THINGS TO PEOPLE! THEY'RE FRETTEIN' SO MUCH TO MAKE A BIG KILLIN', JOHNNY, THEY DON'T CARE WHAT THEY PAY... ESPECIALLY FOR LUMBER!

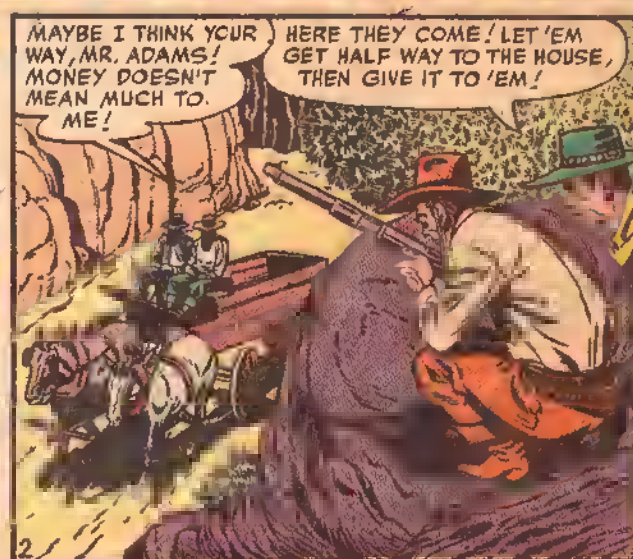
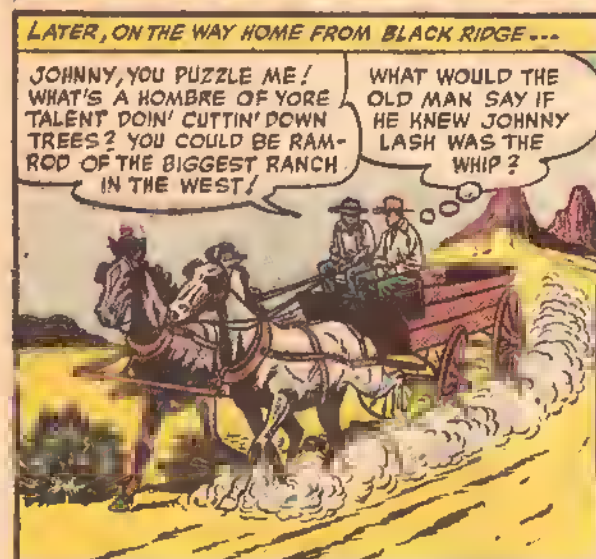
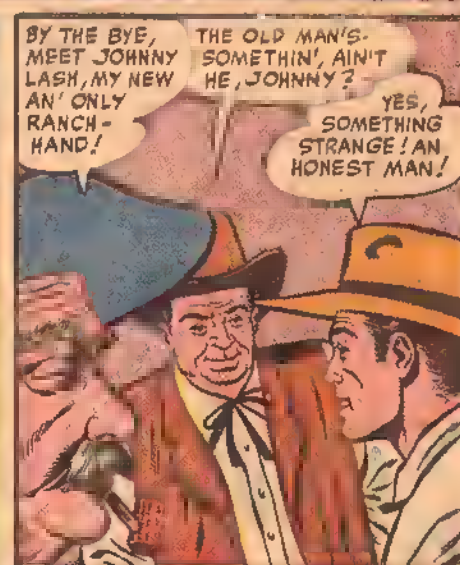
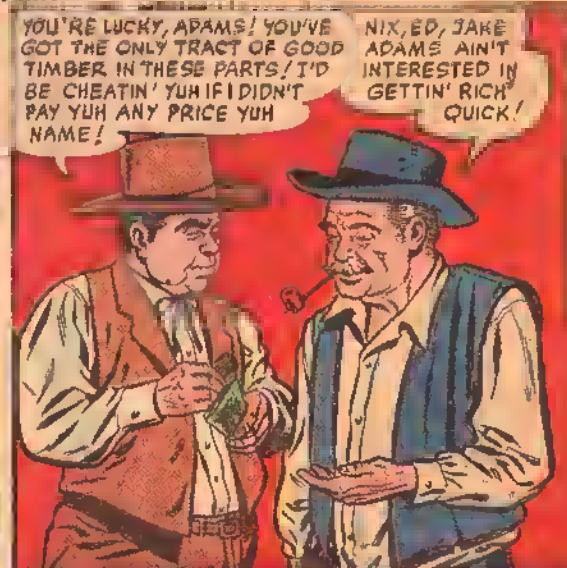
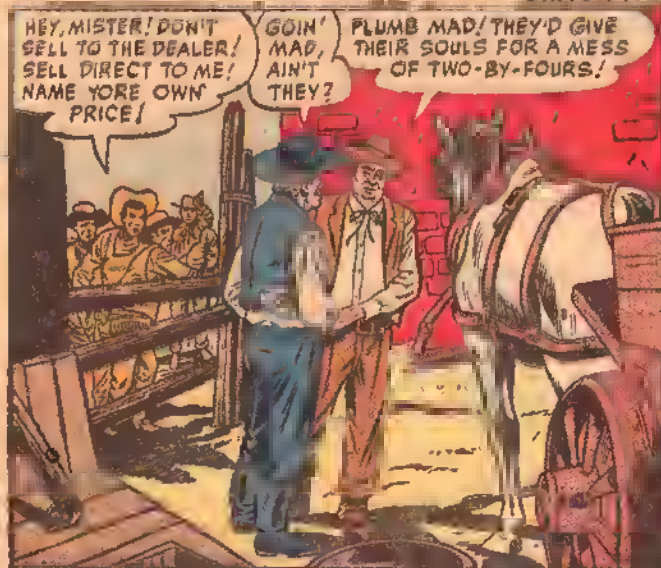


LOOK AT 'EM! GOIN' WILD, BIDDIN'! A GOLD TOWN CAN'T DO NOthin' WITHOUT TIMBER, JOHNNY! THEY NEED IT FOR SLUCE RUNS, HUTS, TOWN BUILDIN'S...

EVERYTHIN'!

SORRY, FOLKS! NO MORE WOOD TILL I GET THIS SHIPMENT UNLOADED!





SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING...

EEEAAHHH!

MR. ADAMS!
GREAT GUNS!
DRYGULCHERS!

BANG!
BANG!



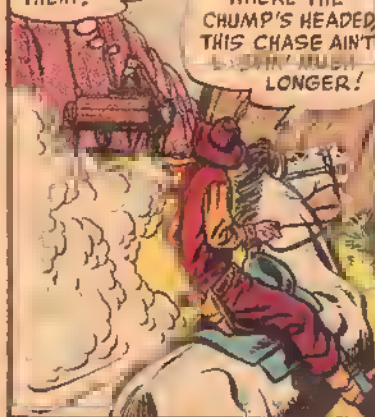
THE DIRTY MURDERERS...THEY
KILLED HIM! I'D BETTER HIGH
TAIL IT OUT OF HERE OR I'LL
BE JOINING HIM!

GET HIM! WE DON'T
WANT ANYBODY
LIVIN' TO TELL
THIS TALE!



I WISH I KNEW THIS
NECK OF THE WOODS
BETTER! I COULD
USE SHORT CUTS
TO ESCAPE
THEM!

HEY, FELLERS!
SLOW UP!
FROM THE
LOOKS OF
WHERE THE
CHUMP'S HEADED,
THIS CHASE AIN'T
GOING MUCH
LONGER!



NEITHER WILL THE CHUMP/HEH!
HEH! HE'S TAKIN' A 200 FOOT
DROP! HE'S A GONER!

A GORGE! I
NEVER KNEW IT
WAS THERE!

WHINNNEYYYY!



THAT FINISHES HIM! WHAT WAS THE
STIFF'S NAME, CHOK?

LASH! JOHNNY
LASH!



BUT AS THE FALLING WAGON BLOCKS THE
VIEW OF THE DESPERADOES...

I'VE GOT ONLY ONE CHANCE!
TWIST OUTWARDS...AND
DIVE!



WE DONE IT, CHOK!
THERE AIN'T A SIGN
OF LIFE DOWN
THERE, NOW YOU
CAN COME UP WITH
THAT FORGED BILL
OF SALE!

YEAH! THE PROPERTY IS MINE NOW,
BUT I'M STILL WORRIED! YUH CAINT
BE TOO CAREFUL ABOUT MURDER!
ESPECIALLY WITH THE WHIP

REPORTED IN
THIS TERRITORY!



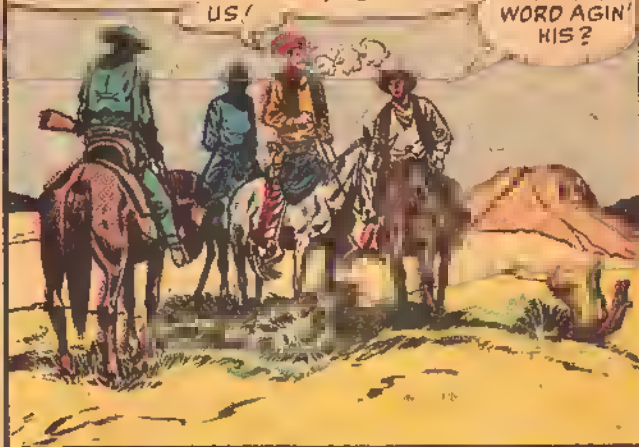
THE WHIP'S ALLUS HANGIN' AROUND TROUBLE SPOTS! WHEN FOLKS GIT WIND THET OLD MAN ADAMS AN' HIS LONE HAND WAS SENT WEST, THEY'RE GOIN' TO WANT ACTION AND THE WHIP MIGHT GIVE IT TO 'EM!

SO HOW CAN YUH STOP HIM?



BY PINNIN' THESE MURDERS ON THE WHIP, WE CAN CLAIM WE SAW THE WHIP KILL THE TWO GUYS IN A JEALOUS RAGE BECAUSE THE OLD MAN WOULDN'T SELL THE PROPERTY TO THE WHIP, INSTEAD OF US!

WHAT IF THE WHIP DENIES IT? WHO'S GOIN' TO TAKE OUR WORD AGIN' HIS?



FIRST, WE GOT THE LAND AGENT, MADDOW, IN OUR POCKET! HE'LL BACK US! SECOND, THERE AIN'T GOIN' TO BE A LONG ARGUMENT! THE WHIP'S GOIN' TO GET KILLED SUDDEN-LIKE WHILE HE'S ARGUIN'!

I GET IT! WITH THE WHIP DEAD, NOBODY'LL BE ABLE TO PROVE US LIARS! THAT'S USIN' THE OLD HAT PEG!



MEANWHILE 200 FEET BELOW...

THE BACK-BITING SIDEWINDERS! I'LL SEE 'EM HANG FOR THIS! DIABLO!



And AS THE WHIP'S WONDER HORSE HOVES INTO VIEW, JOHNNY LASH MAKES A LIGHTNING-SWIFT CHANGE... THE WHIP!

OLD MAN ADAMS WAS BUSH-WHACKED FOR HIS PROPERTY! BUT THE ONLY USE THE KILLERS WILL GET OUT OF HIS TIMBER IS FOR THEIR COFFINS!



That AFTER-NOON, IN THE LAND AGENT'S OFFICE...

SURE THE DEED WILL STAND UP IN COURT, MADDOW! YOU FORGED OLD MAN ADAMS' SIGNATURE... AN' YORE AN EXPERT!

MAYBE I'M A FOOL TO WORRY, CHOKO! IF THE WHIP WERE SIX FEET UNDER, I'D FEEL A LOT BETTER!



SO WOULD WE! THAT'S WHY WE'RE GOIN' TO THE SHERIFF NOW TO TELL HIM ABOUT THE MURDER AT ADAMS' PLACE... AN' WHO DONE IT! C'MON, MADDOW, YOU'RE A WITNESS!

OKAY, BUT I WISH THE NEXT 24 HOURS WERE OVER!



LATER, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

THE WHIP COULDN'T HAVE MURDERED OLD MAN ADAMS JOHNNY LASH, HIS HELPER! THE WHIP'S ON THE SIDE OF LAW AN' ORDER!

SO ARE WE, SHERIFF! ME, MADDOU, AN' THE BOYS SAW THE WHIP KILL 'EM WITH OUR OWN EYES!

SHERIFF, COME QUICK! THE WHIP JUST RODE INTO TOWN AN' A MOB'S GOT HIM CORNERED IN THE BLUE PALACE! THEY'RE READY TO LYNCH HIM FER ADAMS' MURDER!

RANSOME! DO YOU KNOW ANYTHIN' ABOUT THIS?

OH, NO! I GUESS THE BOYS, THOUGH, MUST'VE SPILLED THE BEANS AROUND TOWN!



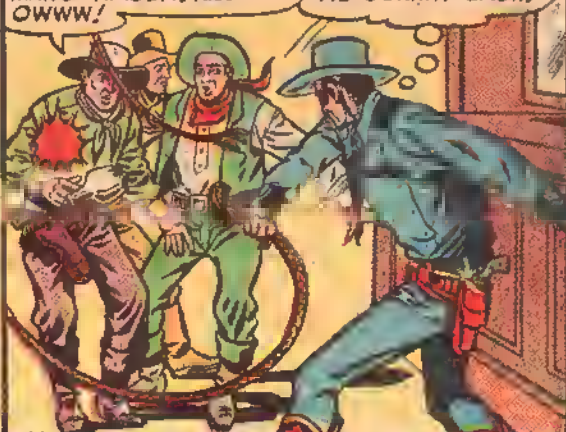
LYNCH THE WHIP! HE SHOT TWO PEOPLE IN COLD BLOOD!

THE WHIP'S A FRAUD---A KILLER MASQUERADING AS A PEACE OFFICER!

HERE'S OUR CHANCE, MEN! SNEAK UP BEHIND THE WHIP AND LET HIM HAVE IT IN THE BACK!

WHAT'RE WE ARGUIN' WITH THE WHIP FOR? HE MURDERED JOHNNY LASH AN' ADAMS FOR THE OLD MAN'S TIMBER! KILL HI--- OWWW!

I COULD CLEAR MYSELF IN A SECOND, BUT I CAN'T GIVE AWAY MY IDENTITY AS JOHNNY LASH!



GIT BACK, YOU FOOLS! THIS IS A MATTER FOR THE LAW! WHIP, CHOKERANSOME SAW YOU MURDER ADAMS AND LASH. WHAT'S YORE DEFENSE?

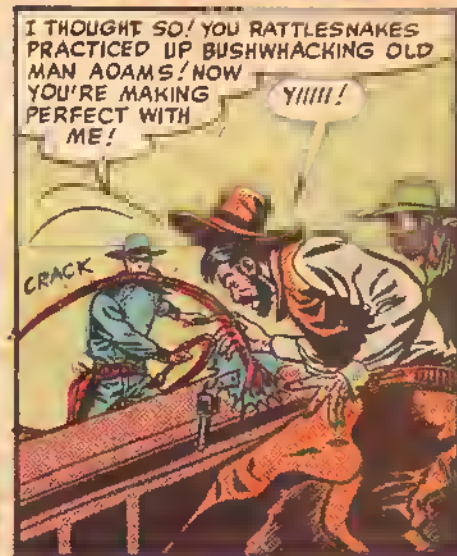
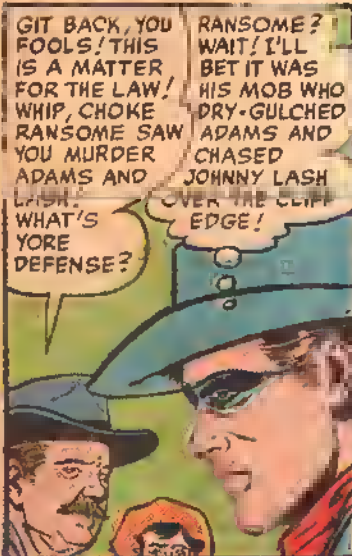
RANSOME? WAIT! I'LL BET IT WAS HIS MOB WHO DRY-GULCHED ADAMS AND CHASED JOHNNY LASH OVER THE CLIFF EDGE!

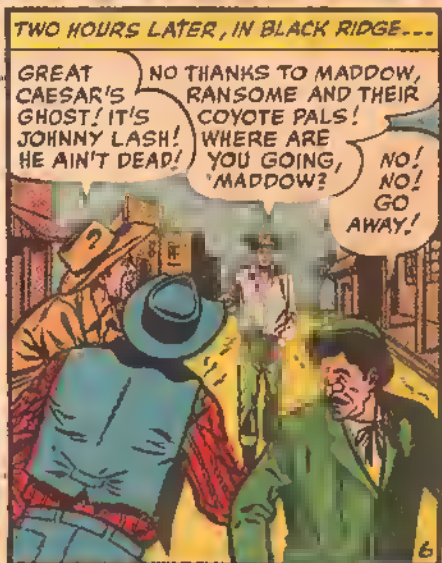
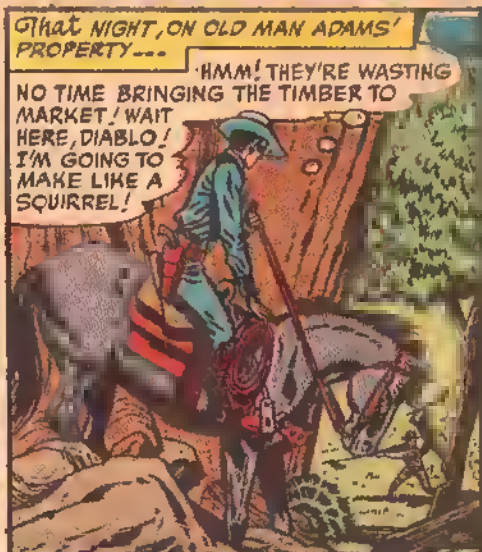
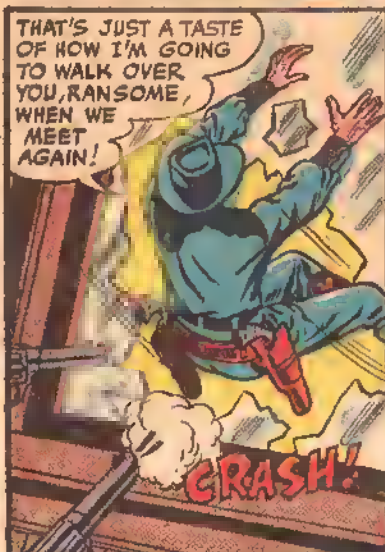
DOWN, MADDOU!

SOMETHING'S GOING ON BEHIND ME! MADDOU AND RANSOME WOULDN'T BE IN SUCH A SWEAT TO GET OUT OF THE WAY!

I THOUGHT SO! YOU RATTLESNAKES PRACTICED UP BUSHWHACKING OLD MAN ADAMS! NOW YOU'RE MAKING PERFECT WITH ME!

YIIIIII!





CRACK WESTERN

TAKE YOUR CHOICE, MADDOU!
MURDER WILL OUT...OR
MADDOU WILL GO OUT...LIKE
A LIGHT!

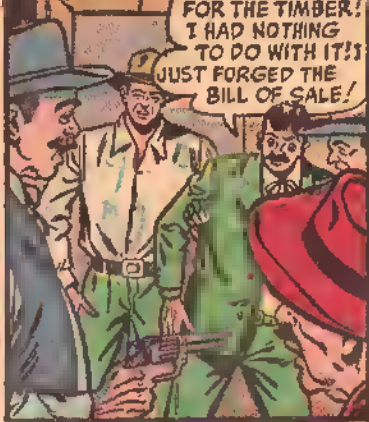
NO! NO! DON'T
KILL ME! I'LL DO
ANYTHING YOU SAY!
ANYTHING! OOOF!



IT'S JOHNNY
LASH! HE'S
ALIVE!

MADDOU'S GOT
A STATEMENT
TO MAKE, SHERIFF!

RANSOME
KILLED ADAMS
FOR THE TIMBER!
I HAD NOTHING
TO DO WITH IT!!
JUST FORGED THE
BILL OF SALE!



YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO
SQUEAL AGIN, MADDOU!
THE JIG'S UP, BOYS!
LET'S GIT LASH, HE
QUEERED US!

HE'S HEADIN'
FOR THE
ALLEY!

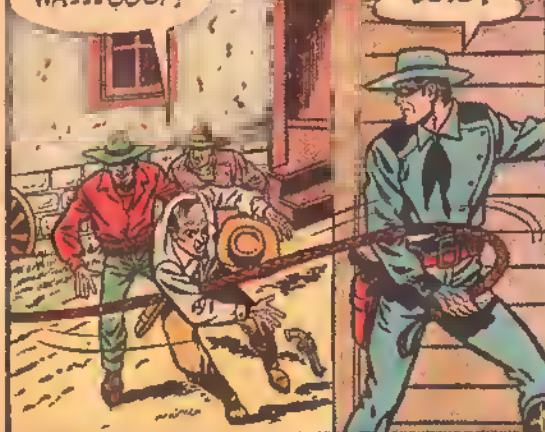
UGHH!



BUT IN THE PRIVACY OF THE ALLEY SHADOWS,
JOHNNY LASH HAS CHANGED TO THE WHIP!

HE WENT THIS
WA---OOOF!

LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY,
BOYS?



IT'S A SMALL WORLD...
THE UNDERWORLD! YOU'LL
ALWAYS FIND THE WHIP
IN IT!

YAWN!

CRACK!



WHAT'S YOUR HURRY,
RANSOME? YOU'RE
GOING NOWHERE...
EXCEPT DOWN
MAYBE!

URGHH!



SPEAK, CHOKO, OR
YOU'LL
REALLY
CHOKO!
ADMIT, YOU
FRAMED
ME!

YES! Y-YES! I
KILLED ADAMS!
AN' I THOUGHT
I KILLED LASH!
NOW LET ME
DOWN...FOR
THE LUVVA
HEAVEN!



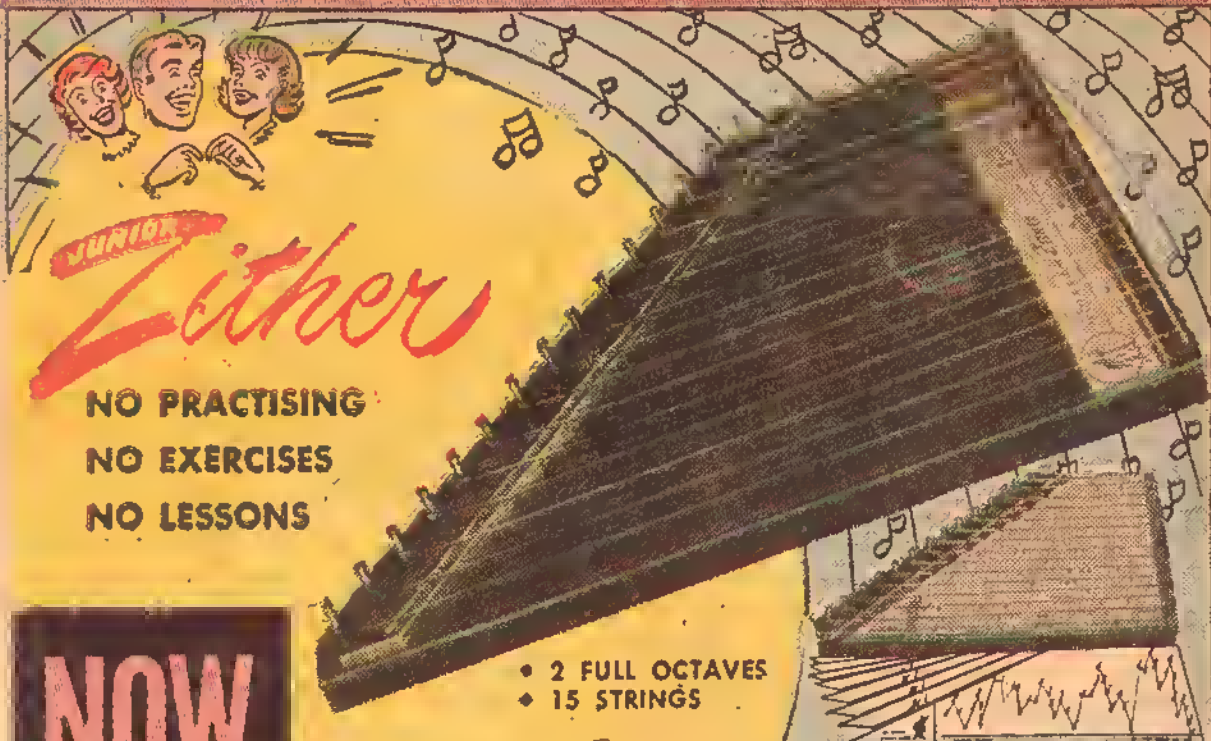
YOU'RE GOING
DOWN, CHOKO!
SIX FEET DOWN!
WELL, SHERIFF, I
GUESS THIS
CLEAR'S THE
WHIP!

WE WERE FOOLS
TO BELIEVE
RANSOME'S LIES
IN THE FIRST
PLACE! WE OWE
YOU AN APOLOGY,
WHIP! AS FOR THIS
VARMINT, THE GALLOW'S'LL
TAKO UP WHERE
YUH LEFT OFF!



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the FIRST TIME you try!*



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NO EXERCISES
NO LESSONS**

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YOU**

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popular song
instantly!*

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Many students make \$5, \$10 a week extra fixing neighbor's Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS to show you how to do this. Tester you build with parts I send helps you service sets. All equipment is yours to keep.

Your next step is a good job installing and servicing Radio-Television sets or becoming boss of your own Radio-Television sales and service shop by getting a good job in a Broadcasting Station. Today there are over 90,000,000 home and auto Radios, 3100 Broadcasting Stations are on the air. Aviation and Police Radio, Micro-Wave Relay, Two-Way Radio are all expanding, making more and better opportunities for servicing and communication technicians and FCC licensed operators.

And think of the opportunities in Television! In 1950 over 5,000,000 Television sets were sold. By 1954 authorities estimate 25,000,000 Television sets will be in use. Over 100 Television Stations are now operating, with experts predicting 1,000. Now is the time to get in line for success and a bright future in America's fast-growing industry. Be a Radio-Television Technician. Mail coupon for Lesson and Book—FREE.

[illegible]

YOU SHOULD know modern Railton is but a part of the Settling Chinese Field in the comprehensive Railton Region. The latter is based on the station. SE 11 gives you ALL the Railton facts. - April 19, 1919. (See) In the morning, week in, long in time. **EVERY THING** you need. And you may find in the practical Railton people. And **EXTRA** money from neighbors. Railton is more than you think it is.

[illegible]

YOU BUILD the Tennessee right to purchasing Communist-bought liquor, I **BEND** FOR parts to build the low-price industrial transceiver. I'd learn how to get a station "on the air," perform procedures demanded in the radio station operators' exam and be licensed to it.

YOU BUILD this magnificent structure in my Comprehensive Course will give you all the details of building the complete system of operation and make it all your own matter of course. You yourself will be doing the experiments.

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